

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 922.—1 February, 1862.

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NEW BOOKS.

The Tribune Almanac and Political Register for 1862. New York Tribune Association.

CORRECTION.—In No. 915 we copied from, and credited to, *The Philadelphia Press*, a spirited poem, "The Countersign," giving the name of Frank G. Williams as the author. We are now informed that this is part of a larger poem, by Fitz James O'Brien,—published in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

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THE WIND AMID THE TREES.

THE skies were dark and bright,
Like the eyes that I love best,
When I looked into the night
From a window at the west.

And the night was still and clear
Save for whispered litanies,
Breaking faintly on the ear
From the wind amid the trees!

In silence soft and deep,
On their stalklets every one,
Hung the little flowers asleep;
The birds to roost had gone.

Not the fluttering of a feather
Or the faintest chirp from these
As they nestled close together,
Though the wind was in the trees!

Too faint to wake the sleeper,
Too soft to stir the flowers,
Just as voiceless prayers are deeper,
It murmured on for hours.

And I whispered low and near
"When I'm gone beyond the seas,
Think how I held it dear,
That wind amid the trees!"

And now this gray November,
Though your groves are thin and bare,
I know that you'll remember,
When you hear it murmuring there.

Dear Island hearts that listen,
There's a message in the breeze,
And the voice of one who loves you
In the wind amid the trees!

—*Englishwoman's Journal.*

"THOU ART THE WAY, THE TRUTH,
AND THE LIEE."

By each sting of daily care,
Each anxiety I bear,
By the struggles of a heart
Loath with worldly joys to part,
By the inward longing love
Of a purer life above,
Lord, I only hope and pray
Thou art teaching me the way!

By each band of burning pain,
Trampling fierce o'er heart and brain;
By each flood of bitter tears,
Bathing all life's fevered years;
By the throes of anguish born
Of forgetfulness, or scorn—
Severed bonds of love and youth—
Thou art teaching me the truth!

By the closelyknitted sod,
Over those long gone to God;
By the nearer touch of woe,
When the nestling head lies low;
Through the "hidden path" I tread,
Ever by thy mercy led,
Trust I still amid the strife,
Thou art leading me to life!

—*Ladies' Companion.*

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man
to the question whether he was still in the land
of the living. 'No; but I am almost there.'"

Not yet; though the fiat I feel has gone forth,
Not yet has the summons been spoken;
The frail, feeble link that connects me with earth
Not yet has been shattered and broken.
The kindred and friends of my earlier years
Have long in the churchyard been lying;
I fain would depart from this valley of tears,
And pass from the land of the dying.

A few of the friends of my manhood are spared;
Alas! they are dull and repining:
They talk of hopes withered, of talents impaired,
Worn spirits, and vigor declining.
I suffer like them—yet I do not complain,
For God the assurance is giving
That soon shall I lay down my burden of pain,
And haste to the land of the living.

I weep not for those whom on earth I loved well!
They are only removed to a distance;
The shroud and the pall and the funeral knell
Were their passports to deathless existence.
Like them, may I soar to the realms of the blest,
And join in the angels' thanksgiving;
In the land of the dying sink softly to rest,
And wake in the land of the living!

—*Ladies' Companion.*

WHAT A CHILD SAID.

PRECISELY two years and a half
At Christmas will he number,
My darling boy who yonder lies
All rosy in his slumber;
So young, yet full of wisest thought
In childish language molded,
Like honey-bees deep in the heart
Of half-blown roses folded.
He said to me the other day—
We drove the roads together,
While sleigh-bells tinkled merrily
And cheered the wintry weather—
"Where are the leaves all gone, mamma?"
"Beneath the snow they're hidden;"
"They'll come back pretty soon, mamma?"
"Yes, dearest, when they're bidden."

How many times I've thought since then
Of his quick hopeful teaching,
And gathered from it cheering trust
Toward days of sorrow reaching.
If God should bid me lay my pets
Off on a colder pillow,
O'er which would droop in winter time
The pensile leafless willow,—
That gentle voice would struggle up
From sweet lips lowly hidden,
"They'll come back pretty soon, mamma,"
And so my grief be chidden.
What wonder, since such sadd'ning thought
Has come my heart to cumber,
I drop my rhymes and yonder steal
To kiss his rosy slumber.

H. E. K. D.

—*Independent.*

Newburgh.

From Fraser's Magazine.

COWPER'S POEMS.

COULD William Cowper, when he inscribed his name on the title-page of *Table-Talk and other Poems*, have known that within ten years from that time he would be the most popular poet of the age, and that after his death he would be accounted one of the best of letter-writers, he might have ranked the prophecy among such delusions as often clouded his brain. The success of the *Task* proved to him that one-half of the prediction was correct; but could he also have foreseen his epistolary reputation he might have reckoned it among his infelicities and recoiled from it with dismay. That what he wrote of himself in secret chambers should be proclaimed upon the housetops would have seemed to his sensitive spirit inconsistent alike with friendship and delicacy. Perhaps he might have recalled his letters in alarm, and foregone a principal alleviation of his solitude—correspondence with friends whom he had never seen or whom he was never more to see. Fortunately the veil was never lifted. No profane Curll, by surreptitiously publishing his letters, visited him with a new terror of death. In his matted greenhouse, by his fireside, summer and winter saw him unconsciously chronicling the simple annals of his life; and in these letters, so evidently cherished because so generally preserved, we possess one of the most interesting of autobiographies.

Nor is it less fortunate that these records of a life spent in "the cool retreat—the silent shade" are so numerous and diversified. Had only his correspondence with Newton survived, though it would still be clear that the writer possessed no ordinary powers of humor, yet the general impression must have been that Cowper and Mary Unwin were a pair of moping personages whose society it were desirable to shun. Had only his letters to Hayley come down to us, we might fairly have set him down for a fine gentleman complimenting another fine gentleman with some of the ostentation but without the finished style of the Younger Pliny. But the letters addressed to Lady Hesketh and Unwin, to Mr. Bull and Mrs. King, to Rose and Norfolk Johnnie, prove Cowper to have been as nearly inclined to mirth as to melancholy—as content, if not happy, in his seclusion, and willing to amuse

and be amused—as by no means indifferent to the events of the day or the opinions of the world—as creating, when he did not find, occupation, and as vigilantly guarding, so long as his health and strength permitted, against the approaches of that malady which blighted his earlier manhood and was destined to wrap in a shroud of woe his closing years. Unconsciously to be the painter of his own life was the business of Cowper, and he has drawn himself to the life as vividly as Gray or Gibbon or even Walpole himself. He portrayed himself equally in prose and in verse. His hymns are like Petrarch's sonnets—"pictures in little" of his personal emotions. His *Task* is a poetical narrative of his daily habits and customary meditations; his letters are prose sketches of them, often wanting only the accomplishment of rhyme to be as poetical as his occasional verses. Of no writer, indeed, is the verse less separable from the prose. We should have known Cicero just as well if every verse he wrote had perished. We should have known Petrarch just as well if the folio of his prose writings had never issued from the printing-house of Aldus. But we understand the verse of Cowper better because his Letters are before us, and his Letters better because of the light reflected upon them from his poems.

With materials so abundant at hand, the temptation to become a biographer of Cowper has been frequently indulged; yet with one exception he has not been happy in his limners. For the most part they have selected one or two features of his character, and omitted others no less essential to a good likeness of him. He has been drawn as a suffering saint, as a latter-day hermit, as one literally complying with the apostolic precept to flee from the world, as one who purposely reformed the poetic diction of his day, as one whose proper place was Bedlam, as one who was only as mad as all serious Christians who pondered rightly on time and eternity should desire to be. In the following remarks we shall be able to show that although health and circumstances rendered seclusion from the world unavoidable, Cowper did not cease to feel interest in its movements; that if his will bent before the iron will of John Newton, he displays little or no sympathy with Newton's narrow creed; and that so far from making a hermitage of

Olney or Weston, he gladly greeted every occasion of surrounding himself with the genial society of his kindred and neighbors, provided always they were not hard riders or hard drinkers; that is to say, neither the ordinary squires nor parsons of Bedfordshire in the middle of the eighteenth century.

It was at one time the fashion to call Hayley an elegant biographer. To us he appears to have been most forcibly feeble. That he loved Cowper there can be no doubt, for Hayley, though a coxcomb, had a generous nature, and at least knowledge enough of his art to see that the *Task* was worthy a dozen *Triumphs of Temper*, and *John Gilpin* better than any or all of his own *Comedies in Rhyme*. He rendered homage equally to Cowper's genius and character. But he was *infelix opere in toto*—he has drawn the portrait of a mere *littérateur*. The poet's religious biographers, however, have been even less successful than Hayley. Calvinism is little less adverse to poets generally than Plato himself. Of Dante's theology in verse the disciples of Newton, Scott, and Venn had never probably heard, or if it had reached their ears, rumor whispered into them that the poet was a papist born out of due season and given over to Antichrist. Of Spenser and the Fletchers as religious poets they had perhaps heard as little, for between our early literature and the saints of the eighteenth century there stood a wall of partition as impervious as that fabled wall of brass which Friar Bacon is said to have built in one night round the palace of Sigismund the emperor. Milton was a doubtful prize. He had indeed sung of either Paradise, but then he was an Arian; and if his prose writings were liberally studied with texts, he for the last twenty years of his life, had never entered church or chapel. Dryden had composed some of the noblest hymns in the language, but he had also composed some of the most abominable plays. Addison had occasionally sung the songs of Sion, but the *Spectator's* morals savored more of Seneca and Epictetus than of Paul, of the covenant of works more than of the covenant of grace. Cowley had written an epic on the story of David, and Prior on that of Solomon, but both Addison and Prior were utter worldlings; and if Collins read latterly "no book but the best," it was notorious, *lippis tonsoribus atque*, that Col-

lins was mad. Johnson, again, could point a moral and beat out a text into a stanza; but he thundered at Geneva discipline, and fasted and did penance like a shaveling friar. Of devotional poetry there was more than enough; but Doddridge, Newton, and Toplady were in verse "mere cobblers in respect of fine workmen;" and if Isaac Watts were a genuine poet, he was one of the feeblest and most tedious of the laureate band.

About the author of the *Task*, *Expostulation*, *Charity*, and the Olney hymns there could be neither doubt nor demur. He had sat at the feet of Gamaliel; he had been a lay curate to Newton. He had put on record his escape from the Vanity Fair of London life, the contamination of literary associates, the profane contact of drums and routs, of Ranelagh and the playhouse. If less sublime, he was more sound in doctrine than Milton. If in no one of his devotional pieces he had reached the dignity of the "Veni Creator" of Dryden, he had not pleaded for Rome in the "Hind and Panther," he had not defiled literature with the "Spanish Friar." Here indeed was at length a sweet singer for the English Israel; here was a poet to be read, marked, and learned *virginibus puerisque*, by the young ladies who filled the pews of St. Mildred's in the Poultry, by the young men who called Shakspeare unclean and Plato's Republic "foolishness." In this track have nearly all Cowper's later biographers walked, until Southey came to the rescue with a narrative scarcely less excellent than his lives of Nelson and John Wesley. Mr. Robert Bell's careful and graceful sketch of the poet will suffice for many readers; but all who desire to know Cowper as he lived, thought, and wrote, the causes of his melancholy, the character of his humor, the positive and relative merits of his writings, his position in literature at the time and now, will resort to Southey's pages. He had a true sympathy with the poet; his vision was unclouded by theological mists; he had no theory to sustain or prop up; he discerns amid the accidents of disease the genuine nature of the man; he displays his weakness and his strength, and exhibits William Cowper as he appeared to Joseph Hill, to Thornton and Thurlow, to Harriet and Theodora his cousins, to his co-mates at Westminster, the Inner Temple, and the Nonsense Club, "ere

melancholy marked him for her own." In the following remarks we shall deal immediately with none of Cowper's biographers, but offer a brief commentary on some portions of his life and writings. It may be possible, even at the eleventh hour, to correct certain prevalent mistakes, or at least to bring out some new lines in a portrait which has long attracted, and may long continue to attract, a numerous class of readers.

It is remarkable that while Cowper speaks occasionally of his mother, of whom he can have had only a vague recollection, he has only once mentioned his father, of whom he must have retained a distinct and lively impression. And this is the more remarkable, because Cowper is by no means chary in mentioning his nearest relatives on the paternal side. To the memory of a parent whom he lost almost in his infancy, he addressed the most pathetic of his shorter poems. *Her* kindred in the second generation he received with open arms; on *her* picture he gazed with the rapture of a devotee. But to the parent who was alive when Cowper had attained to man's estate, he says nothing beyond a simple notification of his decease in 1756. John Cowper, indeed, married a second time; yet there is no reason for assuming this second marriage as the cause of his son's reticence, since he refers to his "mother-in-law at Berkhamstead," as sometimes troubling him with "shopping" in London, but without any charge or insinuation of novercal injustice. At Berkhamstead, of which parish Dr. Cowper was rector, the poet's school holidays and law vacations were often spent; but neither the parish, the parsonage, nor the pastor, seems to have been classed among his pleasant recollections; whereas of the native home of his mother he never writes without interest, and sometimes with yearning emotion. We have no grounds for assuming the doctor to have been "a hard man," for though Cowper has chronicled his own sufferings at school, he says nothing of any discomforts at home. Perhaps we may find a probable solution for this unequal division of filial retrospect. Throughout his life Cowper exhibits a predilection for female rather than for male companions. To Unwin, indeed, he writes as to a brother; and he deprecates the early death of a "friend torn from him"—Sir William Russell. But

it does not appear that Unwin was ever a guest at Olney, or that friendship ever attracted Cowper to Unwin's parsonage. When, however, Lady Austin or Lady Hesketh are guests to be expected at either Olney or Weston, his spirits rise, neither pains nor forethought is spared in preparation, for them the house is garnished, the garden is made trim, good accommodation is provided for servants and horses, cellar and larder are replenished, and "*gaudeamus*" is written legibly in every letter in which their visit is mentioned. To a spirit so cleaving to female society, the crowning infelicity of his unhappy life was perhaps that which met him at the very threshold of it—the death of his mother while he was yet an infant.

If we may judge of their characters by their portraits yet extant, Anne, wife of John Cowper, was a graceful, tender, and loving woman, endowed with some humor, with a vein of melancholy, and with much sympathy; whereas John her husband, "Chaplain to King George II.," has the look of a shrewd and stirring personage, who could elbow his way with the best at a levee, and who was never sad without a reason—such as a rebuff from his bishop, or a cold reception from a lay-patron. The Cowper family had already produced one lord chancellor, and, besides an earldom, held sundry good appointments, as befitted sound Whigs. William Cowper had displayed at Westminster school fair scholastic abilities; and idle though he undoubtedly was in a solicitor's office, Mr. Newton says of him years afterward that he was by no means so ignorant of law as he represented himself to be. It is possible that his father conceived hopes that there might be a well-briefed barrister, if not a second lord chancellor in the family, may have pressed on him the virtue of rising in the world, may have cited the example of his ancestors and kinsfolk—

"Te pater Æneas et avunculus excitet Hector—"

and have been vexed, if not wroth, when his son evinced such evident propensities for the life contemplative. "The world," says Pistol, "is mine oyster, which I with sword will open." But Cowper's mood was less magnanimous than "mine Ancient's." The diffidence and inconstancy of purpose which a

mother's gentleness might have soothed and corrected, were perhaps confirmed in him by the hard common sense of a father. However it may have been, Cowper's soul cleaved to the parent whom he had hardly seen, more than to the parent under whose charge he grew up; even as in after years it was the female Cowpers and his relatives on the spindle side who ever had and held his affections.

One of the devices by which Cowper sought to keep at bay his spiritual terrors was the composition of Latin verse. If his lyrics and elegiacs do not quite come up to Etonian mark, they display a considerable command of Latin phraseology—the result of sound training in early days. In this art he could not have had a better instructor than the usher of the fifth form at Westminster at the time he was passing through it—Vincent, or as Cowper fondly styles him, “Vinny Bourne.” Bourne was more loved than honored by his pupils, who played him all kinds of pranks. “I remember,” says Cowper, “the Duke of Richmond setting fire to his greasy locks, and boxing his ears to put it out.” This irreverent nobleman would be son of the potentate entitled “King of the Whigs,” and brother of that Lady Sarah Lennox who narrowly missed being Queen of England, and who kneels sacrificing to the Graces on Reynold's canvas. Vincent Bourne was a common object of admiration to Charles Lamb and William Cowper, and his Latin Poems were edited by that ripe and good scholar, the late John Mitford, with as much care as if Bourne had sat at meat with Cæsar, instead of sitting at a desk in Westminster School. In his letters to Unwin, who educated his sons at home, and in his poem of *Tirocinium*, Cowper declares war against public schools. But there is no reason for supposing him to have been more unhappy at Westminster than the average of lads in whom a quiet spirit is linked to a feeble frame. That at times he was sad and disheartened we may well believe; he was constitutionally “hipped;” and like Gray and Horace Walpole, withdrew from the rude arena of the playground, to the company of a favorite friend or book. As it was a private school (Sion House, we believe it was named) and not Eton that drew from Shelley his anathema on the tyrants of our youth,

so it was the Academy of a Dr. Pittman, and not Westminster, that filled Cowper with terrors of memory and aversion to public education.

From Westminster School, Cowper was transferred to a solicitor's office, where he had for a fellow-clerk no less a person than Charles, afterwards Lord Chancellor Thurlow. Cowper's connections were such, that there was a sure prospect of his being well provided for in the legal profession; and he had given proof at Westminster of two of its essential qualifications—talents and diligence. He took chambers in the Middle Temple in 1752; in 1754 he was called to the bar; and in 1759 removed to the Inner Temple, and about the same time was nominated Commissioner of Bankrupts—an appointment which, however, seems not to have been filled up. This really is the most obscure and inexplicable period of Cowper's life. Here are just ten years to be accounted for, and hardly a record of them remains. That, as regards law, he was idle, we know by his own confession; that he looked back with regret upon this wasted period, we knew also from his letters. Writing to Samuel Rose in 1789, then a student of law, he says:—

“You do well, my dear sir, to improve your opportunity. To speak in rural phrase, this is your sowing time, and the sheaves you look for can never be yours unless you make that use of it. The color of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. Had I employed my time as wisely as you, in a situation very similar to yours, I had never been a poet perhaps, but I might by this time have acquired a character of more importance in society, and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me. But three years misspent in an attorney's office were, almost of course, followed by several more misspent in the Temple, and the consequence has been as the Italian epitaph says, *sto qui, here I am!*”

There are many instances of clerks

“Foredoomed their fathers' souls to cross,
Who pen a stanza when they should engrass.”

There is, to begin with Ovid at Rome, whose honored father upbraided him with neglect—

ing the solid meat of law, for the unsubstantial froth of versifying: there was Petrarch at Avignon, whose governor was equally vexed and chafed by his son's preference for Virgil to Justinian: there was Tasso, who would not deliver judgments because he chose to deliver Jerusalem. Then there is Gray, "never so angry as when he hears his acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery; as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up." But none of these precedents exactly meet Cowper's case. For all these persons aforesaid who kicked against the pricks of law, ostensibly and earnestly devoted themselves to literature. But it does not appear that Cowper, while he neglected the weightier matters of the law, pursued the lighter matters of poetry or learning, beyond occasionally contributing to periodicals like the *Connoisseur*, or to newspapers like the *St. James' Chronicle*. He informs us, indeed, that, following the example of Rowe, Congreve, and many other wits, he produced, while he lived in the Temple, several half-penny ballads on political subjects, "two or three of which had the honor to be popular;" and that he took a lively interest in contemporary affairs at that time, appears in a letter to Hill: "When poor Bob White brought in the news of Boscawen's success off the coast of Portugal, how did I leap for joy! When Hawke demolished Confians, I was still more transported. But nothing could express my rapture when Wolfe made the conquest of Quebec."

We know how Gray's leisure was employed; we know that Petrarch's learning—for it was learning, not poetry—obtained for him the laurel crown in the capitol of Rome, a king recommending, a pope bestowing it; but we cannot discover how Cowper spent his ten or twelve legal years—certainly not in studying law, apparently not in pursuing literature, for neither his letters nor his poems betray more than an ordinary acquaintance with good authors; and a few contributions to newspapers, periodicals, and ballad singers, could not find employment for ten weeks in the ten years. He was a bad economist of his means; but there is no vestige of his having been a

gambler; and it is equally impossible to suppose that he drank, though to drink and game in those days would not have stamped a blot upon his scutcheon as a gentleman.

There is only one inference left, and that is, having enough to live on without exercising his wits, he dawdled away all this time. A shrewd observer of men and their ways has remarked that almost the greatest misfortune that could befall a man of any sense and with moderate health, was to be born to £500 a year. "For," argued this sage, "such a person is really poor, and yet not sufficiently so to feel the necessity of exerting himself." Cowper was one of these unfortunates; in his sowing time he had enough to make labor a matter of choice, and therefore he did not labor at all. He lost his time, and with it, also, most of his money. While Cowper was thus taking little or no thought for the morrow, a new star, or rather comet, blazed forth suddenly in the poetical firmament, and perplexed with fear of abuse many worthy persons. On a form or two above Cowper at Westminster, sat a big-boned lad, who, often in scrapes, was nevertheless beloved by Dr. Lloyd for his promising abilities and generous temper. The strong boy had taken the weak one under his protection, and Churchill was the champion of Cowper in many a Westminster fray, whether it were the civil war of the playground, or the internecine war with the *gamins* of the streets. Beyond any other contemporary, the author of the *Rosciad*, and *Gotham*, a satire, was destined to affect the author of the *Task*. Cowper preferred Dryden to Pope, and in Churchill he hailed another Dryden, and doubtless expected from him another *Abraham* and *Achitophel*. This early impression was never effaced; of the writings of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Mason and Gray, he seems to have known little; and he himself has told us that for years he had never read a line of verse more recent than the middle of the eighteenth century. Churchill accordingly retained in Cowper's middle-age the ascendancy he had gained in his youth; and the master's praise is thus sung by the admiring pupil:—

"Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consumed his idle hours;
And, like a scattered seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigor of his own.

Lifted at length by dignity of thought
 And dint of genius to an affluent lot,
 He laid his head on luxury's soft lap,
 And took, too often, there his easy nap.
 If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
 'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
 Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
 Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force;
 Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
 Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
 He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
 And so disdained the rules he understood;
 The laurel seemed to wait on his command,
 He snatched it rudely from the Muse's hand.

From Churchill, Cowper derived his *clingen* towards satires, as well perhaps as a certain carelessness in phrases and metre which, to ears accustomed to the careful cadences of Pope and Goldsmith, sounded dissonantly, and rendered his earlier poems less attractive. His blank verse, indeed, made amends for the defects of his heroic, and the *Task* bore its elder brethren triumphantly on its shoulders. But for satire, Cowper had many grave disqualifications. To be a first-rate satirist, a man should be a good hater, even such as Samuel Johnson approved and pronounced himself to be. But in order to be a good hater, one must have a particular spite, grudge, or pretty quarrel in hand against A or B, and not against persons or things in general. "Anger makes the verse," said the ancient satirist; and so great a master in anger is Juvenal, that we may be sure, though we knew little about his life and conversation, he had been, or what comes to the same thing, conceived himself to have been, an exceedingly ill-used gentleman. As little doubt is there that Canidia had jilted Horace, or that the upstart Mœnas, who kept his carriage and shook his purse, had offered some grievous affront to the freedman's son. Again, a certain habit of body, or an uncertain yearly income, is a good provocative to satire. Nothing sets a finer edge on the temper than a fair amount of personal deformity. Pope's dwarfish stature and uneven shoulders, Churchill's dark muzzle, and Byron's club-foot, were all and each excellent helps to their bitter verse. But although Cowper was often an ailing man and a poor, his ailments and his poverty were not of the right sort. The one enfeebled without irritating him; the other, if she occasionally knocked at the door, never actually entered his house. If Mrs. Unwin,

who was a complete housekeeper, put him wrong with her gravies and spices, Dr. Kerr, of Bedford, was always able to set him right. If his exchequer ran low, a ten-pound note was always slipped into his hand at the critical moment, and so such satirical verjuice as he had was cooled down and kept below boiling point. Personal objects of satire he can have had none, since he turned his back on London; and it may be doubtful whether he had any even when he dwelt in chambers in the Inner Temple. At Olney and Weston he had no dealings with mankind beyond the narrow circle of his friends. He neither inherited nor joined in any feuds of the day. In politics he was a Whig, liking Wilkes no better than he liked Lord North. Mr. Bull who dissented from the Church, was in his eyes as good a Christian as Mr. John Scott who subscribed to its articles; and being without literary predilections, he wrote indifferently for the *Monthly* and *Critical* reviews. He struck at vice and folly—and under one or other of those heads he reckoned country-dances, whist, and Handel's oratorios—as one that beats the air, but of a regular set-to with any concrete person there is no trace in his writings. He had occasion indeed to snub Mr. Newton for interfering with his intimacy with the Throckmortons, that sinewy divine being horrified at his companying with well-bred folks, who were papists to boot; and again, because his spiritual dictator waxed hot at Cowper's confiding to his friend Unwin and not to himself the revision of the *Task*. But his letters on each occasion hardly exceeded the soft answer which turneth away wrath; and we doubt if he had happened to own a foe, whether he could have tackled him in earnest. Let us, by way of illustration, compare the most strenuous passage in Cowper's satires with an average sample of Pope's venom.

The occasion of Cowper's satire was the disappointment of a reasonable hope. He had presented Colman and Thurlow with the first volume of his poems—that which opens with "Table-Talk," and closes with "John Gilpin." He thought that the words "William Cowper of the Inner Temple," on the title-page, would waken some agreeable reminiscences in their bosoms, some feelings that the friend whom they had lost was found. They had been the poet's associates at the

Nonsense Club and in the *Connoisseur*, and Thurlow had shared the hospitality of Uncle Ashley's house, giggling and making giggle with Cousins Harriet and Theodora. Their lives had been prosperous. Colman was a thriving author and theatrical patentee; Thurlow, literally as well as figuratively, was sitting on velvet, for he was then Lord High Chancellor of England, even as Cowper had predicted, when he foretold also, though not with equal truth, his own obscurity. His days had been clouded during the very prime of manhood by the most disastrous of maladies; and though the gloom had been partially dispersed, he was still sitting, and was doomed forever to sit, in the valley of the shadow of madness. He was poor; he was then unknown, severed from his kinsfolk, tended by strangers, a deer whom the herd swept by, a wreck on the world's shore which no one would pilot into haven. But at last had come a moment when the strong might lift up the weak—might give, if not substantial aid, yet at least a cup of cold water, a kindly word of recognition across the abyss of years. But neither Thurlow nor Colman held out a hand of greeting; amid the din of business or pleasure they had no ears for the still small voice of his verse. They never even thanked him for his book; and their silence—a breach of courtesy as well as of friendship—aroused in the author as much indignation as he was capable of feeling. For a far less offence the rapier of Pope or the bludgeon of Churchill had dealt “swashing blows.” Cowper indeed at first made such excuses for them as a man devises when he dreads the falling away of friends. But when month after month passed away, and he could no longer hope against hope, he poured forth a remonstrance which, though not intended for the public, he allowed to be circulated among his friends. Had he printed, he would probably have softened the verses; but as they stand, they afford the strongest sample of his anger, and after reading them we are tempted to ask with Iago, “Can he be angry?”

“Farewell, false hearts! whose best affections
fail

Like shallow brooks which summer suns ex-
hale:

Forgetful of the man whom once ye chose,
Cold in his cause and careless of his woes:
I bid you both a long and last adieu!
Cold in my turn, and unconcerned like you.

“First, farewell Niger! whom, now duly
proved,
I disregard as much as I have loved.
Your brain well furnished, and your tongue
well taught

To press with energy your ardent thought,
Your senatorial dignity of face,
Sound sense, intrepid spirit, manly grace,
Have raised you high as talents can ascend,
Made you a peer, but spoilt you for a friend.
Pretend to all that parts have e'er acquired,
Be great, be feared, be envied, be admired,
To fame as lasting as the earth pretend,
But not hereafter to the name of friend.
I sent you verse, and, as your lordship knows,
Backed with a modest sheet of humble prose:
Not to recall a promise to your mind,
Fulfilled with ease, had you been so inclined,
But to comply with feelings, and to give
Proof of an old affection still alive.
Your sullen silence serves at least to tell
Your altered heart: and so, my lord, farewell!

“Next, busy actor on a meaner stage,
Amusement-monger of a trifling age,
Illustrious histrionic patentee,
Terentius, once my friend, farewell to thee.
In thee some virtuous qualities combine
To fit thee for a nobler part than thine,
Who, born a gentleman, has stooped too low
To live by buskin, sock, and raree-show.
Thy schoolfellow, and partner of thy plays
When Nichol swung the birch and twined the
bays,
And having known thee bearded and full grown,
The weekly censor of a laughing town,
I thought the volume I presumed to send,
Graced with the name of a long-absent friend,
Might prove a welcome gift, and touch thine
heart,

Not hard by nature, in a feeling part.
But thou, it seems (what cannot grandeur do,
Though but a dream), art grown disdainful too;
And strutting in thy school of Queens and Kings
Who fret their hour, and are forgotten things,
Hast caught the cold distemper of the day,
And, like his lordship, cast thy friend away.”

Compared with Pope's invective on Sporus, Sappho, and Atticus, these lines, dignified and nervous as many of them are, sound like the South wind breathing over a bank of violets.

We have anticipated the display of Cowper's satiric vein by many years. A long and dreary interval elapsed between his early admiration of Churchill and his walking in Churchill's track. Meanwhile love, with its proverbial preference for rough to smooth water troubled the current of Cowper's life. Were it not for the lady's share in their common disappointment, we should not feel much interest in this love-tale. Gibbon broke off his engagement to Mademoiselle Curchod, Gibbon père not relishing for his daughter-

in-law the child of a poor Swiss clergyman, by a letter savoring more of filial piety and personal prudence than of passion, and visited her after she had become Madame Necker with an equanimity that proved him unscathed. Poets indeed have often been cool lovers, and not always devoted husbands. Their ardor expands itself on ideal Lauras and Beatrices, and is down to zero when it comes to Mary and Jane. Had William taken Theodora Cowper to wife, the pair might not have been ill-assorted. She was the stronger spirit of the two, but for that reason would have been the better suited to him who throughout life was dependent on others for his comfort and guidance. She would have tended on him with the patience of Mary Unwin, and sustained and cheered him with the tact and good spritis of Harriet Hesketh and Anne Austin. Cowper on the other hand, had in him many of the elements of domestic happiness. His wife might have had cause to complain of his want of ambition, of his variable spirits, of his inaptitude for the world's ways; but she would never have had reason to repine at his discontent with home, at his relish for the coarse pleasures of that time, or any "variableness or shadow of turning" in his affection. His vague notions of housekeeping—Cowper never had the knack of living within his income so long as he catered for himself—Theodora would have corrected.

But Uncle Ashley said "No," resolutely, on the pretext that the union of first cousins was unadvisable, but perhaps secretly moved to his decision by his nephew's recklessness for the morrow, his dallying instead of wrestling with the law, and his knowledge that there was a worm in the bud of his bodily and mental health. His daughter and his nephew acquiesced, *he* apparently retaining a tender recollection, *she* cherishing through a life protracted beyond that of her lover her passion for him. In his dark hours, and in their intervals, she was his secret benefactress; and once, when a rumor—it was a false one—reached her that Cowper was on the point of marriage with Mrs. Unwin, the fire which she suppressed broke forth for the last time.

Worse affliction was at the door. Ashley Cowper's apprehensions were realized, and not long after the last farewell had been uttered by the lovers, Cowper wrote the fol-

lowing lines. We forget as well as read so rapidly in the present day that we shall perhaps need no excuse for quoting occasionally even from the popular author of the *Task* :—

"Doomed as I am in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past :
Deprived of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost,
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humor or of spleen.
Still, still, I mourn, with each returning day,
Him snatched by fate, in early youth away ;
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fixed in her choice, and faithful—but in vain."

In Cowper's madness there were three principal epochs. His first seizure in the Temple, which, after an attempt at self-destruction, led to his being placed under the care of Dr. Cotton at St. Albans, and lasted about two years; his second attack at Olney, which was longer and more obstinate; and his third at Weston, which terminated only with his life. The first, assailing him in the prime of manhood, was the more violent of the three, and exhibited symptoms of mania; the two latter, operating on a frame enfeebled in the one case by illness and medical treatment, and in the other by age, displayed all the tokens of moping melancholy.

From the first, although there was a lucid interval of nearly six years, his recovery was doubtful. He passed indeed from a state of depression and despair to one of religious enthusiasm, and reverted to this period in after days as the only green spot in the waste of his life. But if the few letters written by Cowper at this period be compared with the letters written by him after his second recovery, a striking difference between them will be perceived. In the former he avoids or hurries over every circumstance and incident not directly connected with his religious exaltation, forms and announces to his correspondents his resolve to retire from the world, displays little or none of his natural humor, ignores literature, believes every moment not devoted to prayer or serious reading mispent, and coldly rejects the solicitations of his friends and relatives, as often as they invite him, to resume his place among them.

We shall not repeat the oft-told tale of the commencement and confirmation of his friendship with the Unwin family. Their praises are recorded wherever Cowper's name is held in reverence. But we cannot pass over in silence his intercourse with John

Newton, for Newton, though a good, and in some respects a most remarkable man, was a most dangerous temporal and spiritual adviser for Cowper and many others at the time.

"I believe," says Newton, in a letter to his beneficent friend Thornton, "my name is up about the country for preaching people mad. I suppose we have near a dozen in different degrees disordered in their heads, and most of them, I believe, truly gracious people."

In Cowper's case there can be little doubt that Newton's injudicious treatment, precipitated, if it did not actually produce, the second accession of madness. The probability of this belief is confirmed by the statement of Lady Hesketh.

"Mr. Newton," she wrote several years afterwards to her sister Theodora, "is an excellent man, I make no doubt, and to a strong-minded man like himself might have been of great use; but to such a mind, such a tender mind, and to such a wounded yet lively imagination as our cousin's, I am persuaded that eternal praying and preaching were too much. Nor could it, I think, be otherwise. One only proof of this I will give you, which our cousin mentioned a few days ago in casual conversation. He was mentioning that for one or two summers he had found himself under the necessity of taking his walk in the middle of the day, which he thought had hurt him a good deal; but (continued he) I could not help it, for it was when Mr. Newton was here, and we made it a rule to pass four days in the week together. We dined at one; and it was Mr. Newton's rule for tea to be on table at four o'clock, for at six we broke up. Well then (said I) if you had your time to yourself after six, you would have good time for an evening's walk, I should have thought. 'No,' said he, 'after six we had service or lecture, or something of that kind, which lasted till supper.'"

Nor was this all. At the Temple, Cowper had divided his time between literature, the society of cheerful and intelligent persons—Colman, Lloyd, Bonnel Thornton, Thurlow, and others—and the lively and loving domestic circle at his Uncle Ashley's. At Huntingdon he had picked up a few oddities, who amused him; established himself with the Unwins, who soon regarded him as a son and a brother; and enjoyed weekly visits from his brother John, a fellow of Bennet College, Cambridge—

"A man of worth,
A man of letters and of manners too."

And this was wholesome society for one who was naturally cheerful though not strong of spirit. But after his removal to Olney, all that had soothed and gladdened his life was overcast. The young Unwins married and went to other homes; Mrs. Unwin was a widow; and the sudden death of her husband had disposed her to unwonted gloom and austerity. She chose Olney for her residence because Mr. Newton lived there; and the place needed not his stern and "crazing" ministrations to render it a depressing abode. The town was (and is) mean and ugly; its population most ignorant and poor; the country around it a swamp for six months in the year; and if the scenery differed from the flats of Holland, it differed for the worse, inasmuch as it lacked the bright-looking mills and homesteads that relieve the eye with the prospect of comfort and industry. Even in such a prison-house the quiet soul of Cowper might have found a resting-place, had he not been bound, so long as he was sane, by the laws of a hard taskmaster. Newton's doors were open to no guests but such as were like-minded with himself, men to whom the world was Satan's proper demesne, who regarded literature and the arts as Satan's nets for ensnaring souls, and the graces and gifts of society—such as Cowper had enjoyed in London—as things calling for repentance, as idle words to be accounted for. One species of literature, indeed, the curate of Olney encouraged—the composition of hymns; and some of Cowper's best lyrical effusions were of this kind. But although a few of Cowper's "Olney Hymns" breathe a spirit of hope and assurance, the greater number of them is tinged either with doctrines or sentiments of despair. From hopeful strains he speedily passed to such utterances as the following:

"My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead,
In trespasses and sins.

"Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar,
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door."

Such were his relaxations. What was Cowper's work? "Newton," we are told by Cecil, "used to consider him as a sort of curate, and set him to visit the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish." Rosalind's prescription to walk the hospitals and

divert the patients, may have been wholesome for the mocking Lord Biron; but she would have set the melancholy Cowper a very different task. Mr. Newton treated his patient with the discretion of Dr. Sangrado. Cowper, whose diffidence was insurmountable, was required to expound the Scriptures at prayer-meetings, to pray by the sick-bed of the poorest cottager, to guide the devotions of some miserable being who sought to atone for an ill-spent life by a momentary repentance. That under such a regimen he relapsed, is less surprising than that he should have recovered. Three years of almost silent despair were the result of this spiritual bondage.

The opinion which at one time found favor with many people, that religion was the cause of Cowper's insanity, has long been refuted by facts and dates in face of which there is no room for opinion. He was mad at fourteen; he was mad at twenty-five, when the application of a quack medicine drove an eruption on his face into his system; he was mad while Newton was buying slaves on the Gambia and selling them at Kingston in Jamaica. But whether Mr. Newton was the person to deal wisely with such a case as Cowper's, is another question, which has perhaps been now sufficiently answered.

We cannot, however, part on ill terms with John Newton. Reverence, if not liking, is due to him. He had been trained in a hard school, having been captain of a Liverpool slave ship; he had quitted that occupation from aversion, not so much to buying and selling black men, as to the profane life and conversation of the white men among whom his lot had been cast. He became one of the most active of the Low Church clergy of that day. He was a Calvinist of the straitest sort. He breathed out threatenings and slaughter against all who presumed to think there could be safety out of the Geneva pale. He was a John Knox transplanted into the eighteenth century, but void of the learning, the humor, and occasional generosity of the Scotch Boanerges. He was a converting engine; hammering and driving the wedges of predestination into the hard heads of the Bedfordshire peasantry. He was an earnest, fearless, self-sacrificing, and self-deluding man, neither resting himself, nor suffering any within his reach to rest. His bow was always bent, his sword

always whetted; a thousand years earlier he would have been a Dunstan or a Dominic; in his own days he crushed the humble, though he sometimes quelled the proud.

Over Cowper's third and last season of tribulation we draw the veil. He could not a third time wrestle against, as he himself happily termed it, "the foe in the citadel;" for "*non eadem erat nec mens, nec ætas*," he was an old man in years, and an older in sorrows. Amid the real terrors of Tasso's prison, amid the imaginary ones of Dante's vision, no one is more appalling than a dream which Cowper describes to his confidant, Teedon—parcel fool, parcel knave, whom the poet fancied a "truly gracious person:"—

"I was visited by a horrible dream, in which I seemed to be taking a final leave of my dwelling, and of every object with which I had been familiar, on the evening before my execution. I felt the tenderest regret at the separation, and looked for something durable to carry away with me as a memorial. The iron hasp of the garden door presenting itself, I was on the point of taking it away, but reflecting that the heat of the fire in which I was going to be tormented would fuse the metal, and that it would therefore only serve to increase my insupportable misery, I left it. I then awoke to all the terror with which the reality of such circumstances would fill me."

The melancholy of Cowper is contained in no one of the species enumerated by Jaques, for it sprang neither from exhausted passion nor over-active imagination; neither had it anything in common, as Sir Egerton Brydges has observed, with the profound contemplativeness of Browne, or with the curious fancy of Burton. It was merely physical disease; it depressed without stimulating his mental powers; it was an *incubus*, which, when shaken off, left him a tranquil and even a cheerful man. He could write *John Gilpin* in one night, though he had retired in sadness to rest: his disorder rarely visited him while he was composing the *Task* of translating Homer; and if it returned to him when he undertook to edit Milton, it was, in some measure, because he felt his own exceeding unfitness for the work. In his Letters, even more than in his Poems, we find the real Cowper, and therefore we will devote the remainder of our narrowing limits to his correspondence.

Southey, in his admirable biography of

Cowper, somewhat roundly pronounces him to be the best of English letter-writers. The acceptance of the superlative epithet will, in this case, depend in some measure upon the tastes and habits of those who read Cowper's Correspondence.

Those who relish vivid off-hand pictures of foreign scenes and manners will doubtless give the preference to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters: they who like to see the wires that move the political mechanism of the time, to have the gossip of clubs and coteries neatly served up with spice and sauces, will set Horace Walpole foremost: and a third class may have more sympathy with the delicate humor and grateful sentiment of Gray. Southey's predilection for Cowper's Letters may have arisen from the circumstance that he, too, for many months in each year, and for many years of his life, lived apart from the world, and heard few voices except those of his own family circle. The gorgeous panorama of mountain and lake that daily greeted Southey's eyes from his library window, was very different from the tame and melancholy scenery which Cowper for so many years beheld at Olney; and the letters which Southey was constantly receiving were much more full of the world and its doings than were Cowper's missives from Unwin, Newton, and Mrs. King. Yet with every allowance for a bias on his biographer's part, Cowper may be securely pronounced to be one of the best of English letter-writers. His language is always easy, racy, and idiomatic. He never dreamt of any one but his correspondents reading his letters, and so he wrote them without reserve. He thought not of style, and therefore he wrote naturally. His powers of observation and description were of a high order. His sentiments, unless when tinged by religious gloom, are noble and generous; and he possessed, even in his dark hours, an inexhaustible fund of subtle and genial humor, which occasionally amounted even to *fun*. Much of Cowper's reputation as a poet was founded upon the grace and felicity of his occasional verses, and consequently, some of that reputation has passed away with the occasion. But this defect in his verse does not apply to his epistolary prose; on the contrary, the more his letters record the daily habits of his life, the more agreeable they are to the reader. And it is really marvel-

lous how much he found to record in his sequestered and unvaried existence at Olney. That town, the most northerly in Buckinghamshire, consisted, in 1767, of one long street, the houses built of stone, but the far greater number thatched; the church large and remarkable for its lofty spire. A great proportion of the inhabitants were miserably poor: and lace-making, a sedentary and unwholesome employment, was the staple business of the place. Society Cowper had none, unless Lady Austin, or his cousin, Harriet Hesketh, came down thither for the summer, or when, some years after his residence in Olney Market, he acquired the friendship of "Maria and Catherina" at Weston Hall. Mrs. Unwin is said to have been a well-read woman; but we suspect that her virtues were more conspicuous in the sick-room and the kitchen than in the parlor, and that her literary tastes were bounded by a narrow verge of Calvinistic authors to whom the Graces and the Muses were equally strangers. Books, again, Cowper for many years had absolutely none. He had parted with a valuable library when he gave up his chambers in the Temple, and never replaced it. Joseph Hill, indeed, sent him fish, and Mrs. King fine linen for the neck; but he was obliged to borrow a Latin dictionary of Unwin, when able to resume his early studies, having only at the time on his shelves a solitary *Virgil*. "Inunc et versus tecum meditare canoros." To be an entertaining correspondent with such a "beggarly account of empty boxes," demanded and displayed no ordinary stock of invention and well-remembered knowledge. That he remembered so much, is an indirect proof that his idleness in London pertained to law rather than literature. That he remarked and delineated so well the trivial objects around him, is direct proof that although his mind on one subject was diseased, on all other topics it retained its native forces and alacrity.

Perhaps already a writer of letters is a sort of fossil curiosity—that is, provided always the writer be of the masculine gender. Rowland Hill and his inventions have nearly made him an extinct species. We are become a pigmy people in this respect. We write on duodecimo in place of quarto-paper; we commit messages, not epistles, to the post; and we send the county newspaper to a friend if we wish him to learn the occur-

rences in our town or village. But it was not so in Cowper's days. Letter-writing was then among the duties or the pleasures of life. People wrote to a friend whom they had not seen for a score of years, and perhaps were likely never to see in this world, to tell him what they had for dinner, who revoked at whist, how the last pipe of particular old port turned out, how the crops looked, how a second cousin was blessed with a thirteenth child, or how the whole family, servants, horses, and all, had been bled and physicked, as usual, at Michaelmas time. Now all this glory has passed away; and among other arts, that of filling, folding, and sealing a letter so that it may not look like a missive from John the footman, or Margery the cook, is nearly lost. A letter *not scripta à tergo*, not stretching over three sides of Bath post to the very margin of the seal, unless it came from some curt lawyer, advising you of his having commenced an action against you, was accounted an injury. The ninepence or shilling which such disappointing brevities cost was compensated for by putting the household on short allowance of ale or butter for a week. The only excuse for writing concisely was an announcement that you were appointed a judge or a bishop, or that a long-looked-for apoplexy had carried off a rich aunt. Cowper stands nearly the liminary column of this species of composition. Wordsworth wrote but few letters, and those only on some stirring theme of politics or poetry. Shelley's letters breathe all the fervor and all the grace of his pardlike spirit; but, like so much of his verse are too ethereal for general taste. Southey wrote with a zeal worthy of the past, but his letters are mostly occupied with his own writings *in esse* or *in posse*; and when they enter on general topics, read like embryo articles for the next *Quarterly*. Coleridge's humor in correspondence is elephantine, and his wisdom the wisdom of the *Friend* and the *Morning Post*. Byron and Scott, living more than their contemporaries in the world wrote with more pith and animation; but the correspondence of neither is comparable to Cowper's for purity of diction, liveliness of manner, or even fertility in subjects. Cowper may thus be accounted the Omega of a class of literature which, since the days of Pope and Swift, has afforded so much entertainment, and so many helps

and side-lights to the history of the English people.

The most frequent topic in Cowper's correspondence, after the publication of the *Task*, is his translation of *Homer*. Of his original compositions he writes with a good deal of shy apprehension, and only to his more intimate friends. But when he took *Homer* in hand, either bashfulness had given way before literary fame, or the poet had found, in his own opinion, the true vocation of his pen. It was a delusion, but there was specious ground for it. Cowper in a letter to Unwin describes his book-knowledge as merely his schoolboy lessons extended or continued. And his description is correct. His acquaintance with English history was derived from *Baker's Chronicle* and Mrs. Macauley's volumes: with foreign history, from Abbé Raynal's work on the East and West Indies. His other gleanings in this field were made in the *Monthly Review*. Such science as he possessed, and he knew enough to denounce geology as anti-Christian, came from Baker *On the Microscope*. The foundations, however, of his slender stock of lore were laid solidly enough on the classical basis of the writers in use at Westminster School. Among these so far as regards Greek literature, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* towered like Teneriffe and Atlas. In those days it was not the fashion to imbue the youthful mind with the stories and emotions embodied in the Greek drama, nor to lead them very far into the scarcely less stirring pages of the Greek orators. *Homer* accordingly was the be-all and end-all of Cowper's Greek. He had read him again and again in youth, and it became the ambition of his age to present the prince of poets in Miltonic garb to his countrymen.

There was a spice of emulation in this undertaking. Cowper thought that Pope predominated too much in English poetry, and endeavored in his own rhymes to restore the manlier cadences of Dryden. Now, of all Pope's writings, his version of the *Iliad* was the one by which he most powerfully affected the poetry of his own day, and of the next two or three generations. The affair was altogether such a brilliant one! The spirit, if not of the *Iliad*, yet of the tale of Troy, was so well sustained, from the first twang of Apollo's bowstring to the valediction pronounced over Hector's corpse

—the brave old Greek was made to speak so entirely in the strain of a modern gallant—that the public had come to regard him as no ancient at all, but as a well-bred gentleman, nearly as palpable to sight as the author of *The Campaign*, *The Chase*, or the *Splendid Shilling*. Now, Cowper knew enough of Homer in particular, and of the simplicity of Greek poetry in general, to see that Homer in Pope's version was Homer in masquerade, and in spite of his handsome dress and epigrammatic sprightliness no more resembled the old Ionian minstrel, than the Duke of Marlborough resembled Achilles, or Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Ulysses. To Homer, as transfigured by Pope, he said, "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" But he did not see that his own representation of him was nearly as faulty as Pope's. The elder translator had put the bard into a suit of clothes as fine as those of Beau Clincher in the *Trip to the Jubilee*; the more modern one strips off his finery as remorselessly as Jack and Martin stripped the gold lace off their old coats. But what was the result? Homer came for thin drab and broad beaver? a very decorous, peaceable, and prosy personage, sober as became his years, but with as little of the divine *afflatus* as might be.

"From what you tell me of Homer," said a New Englander, "I should like to read him; I should say he was a go-ahead party." The remark if vernacular, is nevertheless just. Homer "goes ahead" uncommonly fast. According to the received computation, it is now more than two thousand eight hundred years since he wrote, or, not to beg the question, strolled about and sang—and although a good deal of poetry has been written in the interim, yet only two men in all this time have equalled Homer in describing battles between man and man, or between man and beast. Only two men—and they are Shakespeare and Scott—have had the gift to make us feel as if we, albeit sitting at our ease, are in the presence of a charging host, under the walls of a beleaguered town, that we hear in the noon of night the challenge and the tramp of the sentinels, behold the camp-fires reddening beneath the moon, hear the neighing of the picketted steeds, the baying of the watch-dogs, the crashing of the forest, the plunging of the lion or the boar, and all the tumult and hair-breadth 'scapes

of the warrior's or the hunter's life. Now it is scarcely necessary to say that neither Pope nor Cowper were the men for this sort of work. Pope shivered at every breeze, rarely mounted a horse, never beheld a camp, unless it were on Hounslow Heath, or a lion or a boar except in a caravan. Cowper, although more robust and active than Pope in his habits, was, like him, also averse from field sports, had never seen more of war or its image than a review of the Guards in Hyde-park, or the Honorable Artillery Company in Bunhill-fields would show him, and sighed for a lodge in a wilderness, where war and rumors of it might never reach him. Perhaps if Mr. Tennyson would condescend to "revise and retouch" Chapman's version of the Homeric poems, prune its excrescences, plane down its rough places, but retain its vigorous and harmonious passages, England might vie with Germany in a vernacular Homer.

Of Cowper as an original poet, we have left ourselves little room to speak. He is an English classic, and will remain so; but we suspect that already, like many other classical writers, he is more praised than read. He was succeeded by two generations of poets mightier than himself; his satires would probably now be forgotten, like the more powerful satires of Young, were they not borne up now, as they were formerly brought into notice, by the merits of the *Task*; while of his minor poems, two-thirds were written for the occasion, and derive their present interest entirely from their author. He is often, both in lyrical and heroic measure, a very slovenly workman; his themes are often trivial; his philosophy that of the tea-table; his knowledge of the world and books such as would make a village oracle, or suffice for a course of sermons. No poet of his rank has dealt more liberally in platitudes, social, moral, or political; no one is less endurable when he touches in verse on the capital interests of mankind. In Wordsworth the reader has a guide, philosopher, and friend; in Cowper only an agreeable companion, with whom we may converse, or nod, if we list.

For the defective interest of so many of his minor poems, the author himself is scarcely to blame. He wrote them for the pleasure or consolation of the recipients, and not for the public. It may be urged

that no few of Wordsworth's shorter pieces would better have been suppressed; but in this case the poet who selected and classified the offspring of his fancy, is alone responsible. But successive editors observed that the public, apparently, could not have too much of either Cowper's rhymes or letters, and consequently perpetuated, so far as printing perpetuates, verses of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed, and letters which Jones might have indited to Brown and Robinson.

To what cause, then, shall we ascribe the immediate popularity and the permanent reputation of William Cowper? We already answered this question in part when we said that the evangelical world needed a poet, and that the verses and letters taken together compose an interesting autobiography. A third cause of the position which he attained in his own day, and partially retains now, is that he embodied in agreeable forms scenes which are realized by every one, and reflections which occur to persons who have no imagination, and but slender powers of thought. Cowper is one of the least exacting of writers. His fancy does not move in wide gyrations; his lessons may be read as one runs. His style, clear, easy, even vernacular, presents no difficulties. He paints the familiar; he suggests or brings to mind the obvious. Does our commendation of him rest here? Were this all that could be said in behalf of Cowper, it would be waste of time to descant on his merits. He would then be Dr. Watts intensified, or at best a tamed and civilized Churchill. His well-earned position in literature rests on other grounds.

1st. Without formally entering the lists, as Wordsworth did, against the Duessa of poetic diction, Cowper contributed materially to its purgation. From his own better compositions he discarded epigram, antithesis, and such phraseology as, if written in prose, would at once be pronounced nonsense, and which, when employed in verse, rendered "poetry a mere mechanic art," less difficult, perhaps, and certainly much less useful, than the arts of the tailor and shoemaker. He saw clearly, or he felt instinctively, that under the most superb and composite styles of poetry—a *Faery Queen* or a *Paradise Lost*—there was a firm basis of good sense which was wanting in the current

poetry of his own day; that to establish one idiom for verse and another for prose, was to impoverish the one and not to enrich the other, but was, in fact, a return to the vices of the later schools of Greek and Roman poetry: that of Callimachus and Quintus Smyrnaeus, on the one hand, that of Silius and Ausonius on the other. Compared with the bombastic feebleness of Hayley or Darwin the simplicity of Cowper is the simplicity of Homer or Hesiod. To pass from the *Botanic Garden* and the *Triumphs of Temper* to the *Task*, is like passing from the tainted atmosphere of a theatre to the fresh and invigorating air of Salisbury Plain.

2ndly. From the date of the Restoration scarcely any poet, except Thomson, and he not always, studied nature faithfully or patiently. The spectacles of art were always put on whensoever poets found it convenient to describe natural objects. A peculiar technology was thought necessary for such descriptions. A plain was a "champaign:" woods were always "verdant:" streams always "purred:" mountains "soared or nodded:" trees "quivered in the breeze:" gardens were "parterres:" harvests were always "golden," and rivers always "silvery." There was often an unmistakable air of condescension in noticing nature—we beg pardon, "Dame Nature"—at all. Forest, ocean, rocks, and valleys were regarded merely as decent ornaments and appendages of verse, and admissible into it when they were properly decked and trimmed by the poetic upholsterer. Cowper was taken to task by the Monthly reviewers for alluding to manure, although he prudently described it as a "stereoraceous heap;" and the Critical reviewers came down upon him for lowering verse by mentioning a "greenhouse." Then he was scandalously inattentive to propriety in regard of his shepherds, woodmen, and peasants. Thomson had the grace to name his gleaner Lavinia, and his bathing nymph Musidora; whereas Cowper talks of crazy Kate, and not of Phyllis; and has not a Thyrsis or a Daphne in any one of his rural scenes. We can hardly estimate our deliverance from bondage to Arcadia, unless we turn to such collections of verse as Dodsley's or Pearch's. We cannot recommend our readers to search for themselves; yet should any of them be so disposed, it may

save them time and trouble, if we refer them to the Hon. George Lord Lyttelton's *Pastoral Eclogues*. Should these not suffice, we recommend further trial in any one of the twelve volumes of that poetic cemetery.

To Cowper, then, we are indebted for a return to simple language and to faithful descriptions of common objects: for true representations of humble life, not as it was conventionally disguised in unreal Arcadia, but as it appeared in his daily walks among the flats of Bedfordshire. To him we also owe the extension of the poetic circle to subjects which his predecessors had overlooked or considered as too trivial for their art. He has added new charms to the substantial comforts of the tea-table, the newspaper, the daily post-bag, the garden, the greenhouse, and the poultry-yard. He is the poet of home. Perhaps the solitude and similarity of his life, "malignant as they were to him

in some aspects," contributed to render this his peculiar province, opened to him and to the world "fresh woods and pastures new." For describing nature, indeed, on the grand scale of Wordsworth, he had no opportunities. He had beheld her in no one of her sublime or luxuriant forms. He had never travelled much at home: he had never crossed the Channel. The loftiest hill he ever looked on was Beachy Head. He had never seen a river broader than the Thames at Richmond; or a forest more extensive than the New Forest. He has been eclipsed by two opponents—the revival of a taste, or at least a talk, about Elizabethan literature; and the more formidable presence of the literature of the present century and the present generation. He may not henceforward be much read, but his name has the patent of perpetuity, even though it be no more than *Magni nominis umbra*. W. B. D.

THE KING AND THE POTTER. — In 1588, Henry III., then King of France, finding he could no longer withstand the clamor for Palissy's execution, and reluctant to sacrifice the old potter, whom he had known and respected from his boyhood, visited him in prison. "My poor Master Bernard," said the king, "I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you. They must be burnt to-morrow: and you, too, if you will not be converted." "Sire," replied the fearless old man, "you have often said that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you: who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king! These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay!" Not many months afterwards, the two fair girls were led to the stake, singing praises to God, as they received their crowns of martyrdom. A year later, in 1589, in his eighty-first year, Bernard Palissy, the potter, died in the Bastille.—*The Art of Doing our Best*.

A FAIR RETORT.

QUOTH Giles from the Dock to my Lord on the Bench,
Who with poaching offences was twitting him;

"If us poachers do live by the znaring o' hares,
Zure you lawyers do live by the splitten 'em."

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 817

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

Respectfully dedicated to all true Americans.

BY THE SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ONE grain of sense is worth a pound of bluster.

There is moderation in all things. Do not feed the boiler until you make it burst.

The head of Folly is generally crowned with a Mob-cap.

A nation saved from going to war is a nation preserved from ruin.

The vessel of a State was never yet kept afloat by a number of windbags.

A quarrel is like dobt—much easier rushed into than got out of.

If two bedfellows are both determined to sleep in the middle of the bed, it is pretty clear there will soon be a falling out between them.

One falsehood entails several. As you make your bed with equivocations and deceits, so you must lie in it.

A pair of compasses, divided against itself, is good for naught.

Brag is a trumpet that's very loud before going into battle, but rarely heard in beating the retreat.

EPITAPH UPON A CAT

So rare her virtues, it were shabby
Not to lament my faithful tabby:
She lived as pure as any roach,
She died "*sans Purr, et sans reproche*!"

From The Ladies' Companion.
MY FIRST PORTRAIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PHOTOGRAPHER'S STORY."

PEOPLE who go out of the beaten road, wandering away to right or left, up any of the pleasant by-paths, are sure to be looked upon as lost by those relations and friends who, stiff-necked, can see no thoroughfare save that where the crowd jostles and the dust rises. Probably friends and relations are in the right. A good man, as a good dog, should follow at the heels of something that precedes it. That is the height of its best breeding. It is only your cur who leaps the hedge and takes to the lanes. Nevertheless, for curs, there are loadstone mountains at the end of these lanes, which they cannot resist. The well-conditioned dogs do not feel the power of the magnet: the attraction for them is to the heels of the well-conditioned dogs preceding. The well-conditioned are the wisest.

I have gained little money and little fame by taking to the by-path. My uncle was senior partner in a large linen-draper's establishment. The linen-draper's business was the line of life cleared before me. Whether from the designs of the prints in stock,—I think not, however; there was little in them to seduce in those days,—or whether from the elegant attitudes of the young men in attendance behind the counters,—I think not: I think disgust of them, above all, drove me into the by-path,—I, early in life, became passionately fond of drawing. This taste was encouraged in me while a boy. My cleverness in that way was paraded, and the taste fostered. When I produced a portrait of my little sister, true and yet untrue,—true in giving an abstraction of her, untrue in that every detail of the face was wrong; for I did not know how to draw,—when I produced this, my uncle gave me half a crown. I have this early sketch by me still,—as I have the finished painting, the story of which I tell here,—and I wonder that the obtuse men who praised it could see in it any faintest likeness to the original. It represented the notion of my sister which I had in my own mind—a possibility such as she might have been, but certainly was not. My sister ran away with a becurled counter-jumper. The sketch which I retain, ill-drawn as it is—Well, it could not have done that.

When I grew beyond the boy, and was just beginning to feel the weight and dignity of the talent entrusted to me, then I was told that I must put away this childish thing, and take to the linen-draper's manner of life. I feel again, as I recall that time, an ache of the cruel pain that I felt then. I have been stricken by no such sore wound in all my life since; the grief and the shame, and the uncertainty as to whether the talent which had come to be my sole aim might not be, after all, the mere childish pastime which they called it!

However, I need not dilate on this early struggle. Through strenuous opposition I became an artist: I took to the lane. Stones were thrown after me according to the desert of a cur. Still I met with friends. A local artist saw my sketches and took me by the hand: then I got to London, and found the kindest of friends in a great painter there. I became a student in the Academy; I went to Italy for three-quarters of a year; finally, I set up as an artist in a tiny studio, in a quiet street not far from Rathbone Place, where the color-sellers dwell. It is of an incident of my early days there that I now write.

Having taken to that by-path of the artist-profession, I was acknowledged by my friends, and belabored with their advice. The only part of the artist-profession which paid was portraiture. It was not so lucrative a trade as linen-draper's, but still portrait-painting might be made to pay. To this I must apply myself: all else was child's-play. Everything is child's-play which does not bring in so much money for so much work done.

I kicked against the notion of portrait-painting. Had I not my grand ideas to work out? The transformation of Medusa, the golden hair changing into serpents, the divine beauty into fatal horror? Isabella, from "Measure for Measure," in the fury of her chaste rage? Vulcan the strong, stricken with the weakness of a helpless jealousy? Virginia with the first blush called up by lewd eyes on her child-face? Peter weeping bitterly? The Christ in his garden agony? I kicked against the notion of portrait-painting.

While I yet resisted my fate, my first commission for a portrait came to me. The sketch of my Medusa was on the easel. I had been at work at it that morning, and had hit upon the indefinable expression of

face of which I had dreamed for so long. The face changed as you looked at it; it was all beauty; it was all a chaos; it was all horror; the golden hair glistened into snakes; the warm, loving light of the eyes died in the cold magical fascination; the sweet lips stiffened into fear, into pain, into death, into a devilish resuscitation. I was in the hour of my triumph, gulping down tears—for I did shed tears, as I think impressionable people mostly do in such moments.

Just at this time a carriage drove up to the door of the house where I lodged; I had heard it rumbling up the quiet street. The cessation of sound startled me from my reverie, and brought to an end my hurried paces to and fro. A lady was descending from the carriage as I looked out. I had no suspicion that she came to visit me. I had not yet entered upon portrait-painting, and my studio was visited by few people save brother-artists.

The small maid-of-all-work flung open my door, forgetting to knock in her trepidation.

"Please, sir, a lady wants to see you."

The lady had been left upon the stairs, but before I had time to answer she had entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Mazarine," she said.

"I wish to speak with you professionally."

The door was closed, and the servant had gone. I was busy in clearing a chair for the lady to sit down.

"I would rather walk up and down," she said! "I can speak more easily so. You paint portraits?"

Here she stopped suddenly opposite my easel, and I remained silent, while for a full minute she stood gazing on my "Medusa."

"What a ghastly face!" she cried. "What is the subject?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "you have imagination, I see. I don't care for the subject of the picture. You never saw that face, never could have seen it; and yet it is true. I recognize a truth in it. I interpret it according to my own fancy; so would every one else. It has a thousand meanings; but the secret of it is just this, that there is a real touch of humanity in it."

The lady spoke in a rambling manner as she walked restlessly to and fro. Her accent was slightly foreign, though she spoke very quickly, as people seldom speak a language not their own. Her thoughts seemed

pre-occupied. She appeared as if she were accustomed to talk fluently while thinking of other things. She gesticulated with her hands, and her features had a wonderful mobility, while her eyes remained dreamy and vague. She was tall and slim, and straight as an arrow; elastic, and full of exquisite life to her finger-tips. The blood came and went in her face; her footfall had changeful intonations like a voice; her black hair stirred and waved as she moved; her beautiful hands (she carried her gloves in, not on them)—thin, fine, long—were more expressive in their undulations and expansions and contractions than most people's faces. I never saw any person to whom the body was so little an encumbrance. It seemed merely the expression of the life-principle. She gave one an idea of nudity—I mean that she did not strike one with that intolerable obtrusion of being dressed and hidden and fettered and tortured, by which one is instantly stricken on sight of all other persons. Dress, whether of stolid flesh, or cumbrous drapery, fell away from her, and left her disfigged!

"You have imagination," she said; "have you the mastery of it? Can you give it rein, and at the same time keep it well in hand?"

I stammered and blundered in answer. I felt a very secondary person in my own studio. Brought down suddenly from my empyrean, my abstract Medusa faced and outfaced by this exquisite vision of life, I was bewildered and confused. This woman, with her perfection of nature, made me feel no longer a genius, but a slave.

"You paint portraits?" she asked again, pacing up and down.

"No," I said; "I am *not* a portrait-painter. My aims in art are higher and better."

She gave a swift glance round the room. On the walls, on easels, on chairs, leaning against the wainscot, or tumbling from portfolios, were my sketches.

A motion of her hand asked me "What are these?"

"Not a single portrait," I answered.

"*All* portraits," she exclaimed with an emphasis of the foot "*every one*."

She pointed to a Virginia; to a Miranda, dreaming of Ferdinand; to a Marguerite, devil-tempted in the church; to an Angelo, his cold blood hissing into burning lust; to

a Leontes, stung by jealousy; to an *Œdipus*, looking his last upon the light of day.

As I explained, she said of each one, "A portrait."

I had never before observed a peculiarity—I suppose an imperfection—of my artist-talent. All of these sketches consisted of one figure only. I had not the power then, I have not the power now, of painting a dramatic scene. I should never have thought of painting the lewd eyes of Appius in the same picture with the blush on Virginia's face. Appius might have been a separate study; but the two passions, even though they thus came together as immediate cause and effect, I could not have painted upon the same canvas. I honestly confess that I approve of my own practice. An ordinary picture is to me but a collection of incongruous figures. The passion of one creature is enough to fill the whole soul of an artist while he bodies it forth. Having perfected the one figure, when he passes on to others the tone of his mind has changed—he paints in a different key. Even the sight of the complete figure, the knowledge that face is separated from face by only the space of a few inches, that drapery crosses and contrasts with drapery—this knowledge would utterly prevent me from concentrating my powers on the new passion and the new figure. The crimson of Virginia's face would tame down the bestial fire in the eyes of Appius.

In the concentration of thought entirely on one passion and one face, each picture of mine was, in a sense, a portrait. As the lady said, pointing to one after another, "A portrait—a portrait," this peculiarity struck me forcibly for the first time.

"I want you to paint a portrait for me," she went on, as she resumed her paces to and fro.

I was silent. The temptation was great. To have painted this glorious woman would have created a new era in my art-life.

"You must devote yourself to your work," she continued. "You shall name your own price—a hundred guineas, five hundred guineas, what you like. But until the portrait is complete you must put your hand to nothing else."

"I do not want money for such work," I answered; and I spoke from the heart, and not impudently; as an artist, not as a young

man. "I would give you money to let me paint you, if I had money."

"My poor boy!" she said, with a beautiful compassion for my enthusiasm. "It is not my own face that I want painted. It is the face of a dead man."

In my surprise I was silent for a time. Then I said, earnestly, "I will do what you tell me; I would do anything for you."

"A dead man—a dead man—a dead man," she repeated to herself as she went to and fro.

"I am to paint," I asked, hesitatingly—"I am to paint from the—the corpse?"

"No," she answered. "Buried long ago, and lying hundreds of miles from here."

Again surprise made me silent.

"You have a likeness of him—some miniature or chalk sketch, or—"

"None," she cried. "Why should I come to you, if I had a portrait of him already?"

After a long pause of consternation, I said: "What, then, do you wish me to do?"

"You think me mad," she said. "I do not wonder at it. You have not thought of the possibility of this as I have. But it is possible; it can be done, and shall be done, and you must do it. Hush!" she went on, silencing me with a motion of the hand. "Do not speak until you have thoroughly grasped this notion. You are to paint the portrait of this dead man, whom you have never seen, whose dead face you cannot see, of whom there is no likeness left. The sole record that remains of him is one little lock of hair."

I was full of bewilderment and amazement. I had passed through extraordinary revulsions of feeling in the interchange of these few sentences. The sudden giving up of all my determinations against portrait-painting; the delight in anticipation of painting so exquisite a creature; the disappointment of this anticipation; the shock on the supposition that I was to paint from the face of a corpse. I cannot describe how the contrast affected me, between my first hope of having for my model this woman so brimful of the essence of life, and the idea of copying the stark dead face. Lastly, the blank astonishment and dismay that the

lady's final explanations caused me—all these conflicting emotions struck me dumb and helpless.

"It is impossible," I said, at last. "You ask what neither I nor any one else can do."

"It is *not* impossible," she cried, with another emphasis of the slender foot. "This dead man has more life for me than you have. I can see him now more plainly than I can see you. All the world is full of him to me. I see portions of him in other people; I hear echoes of his voice in other voices. I distinguish a footfall like his among all the thousand footfalls of the streets. Patterns on carpets and on walls take for me the outline of his features. His face starts out of the darkness; his figure haunts me in long avenues of dreary country places. In crowded rooms, I see his reflection in the glasses. What do you talk of life and death? For me this man alone lives, and all others are ghosts."

"You can draw?" I asked. "If ever so little, you can draw?"

"Not a stroke. I have tried to learn . . . Should I come to you if I could do for myself what I demand of you?"

"You must learn to draw," I said. "I will teach you."

"I *cannot* learn," she cried vehemently. "That is denied me by the curse of God. Do you think I have not tried all means before I sought out you? I have had better masters than you can be. You are not to be my tutor, sir, but my slave. I *will* have you do this thing for me."

The lady was in the right. It was more impossible for me to disobey her commands than to attempt the impossibility she commanded. After vainly re-asserting the impracticability, I came to the helpless inquiry, how the thing was to be done.

"Are there any relations of this dead man whom I can see?" I asked. "Any one with any faintest resemblance to him?"

"None."

"Any chance likeness of him in another person? Chance likenesses are very common."

"None; at least none that can serve your purpose."

"Impossible!" I said again.

"You artists, whether you write or whether you paint," she broke out bitterly, "you artists pretend to a magical insight. You

conjure up an Othello; and you say this is the man whom Shakspeare saw—this, and no other. This creature of a poet's brain, which never had an existence, which comes to you through a few antiquated words, half of which you cannot understand, this shadow of a shadow you fashion forth. Look at your own pictures: Miranda you call this one, Marguerite that, and you say that they are the veritable creatures, which Shakspeare and Goëthe thought into being. I tell you to paint a man who really lived on this earth. I am here to be questioned—I am here to describe—to tear out of my heart every word he ever spoke to me—to tell you what he was to me. Perhaps I saw him untruly. That is nothing; I tell you to paint him as I knew and know him. Look into my eyes; your *insight* will find something of him there. Look at my hand; it has clung to his until some form and seal of his must be left indelibly behind. Look at my smile; I learned the trick of his in days gone by. Listen to my voice, transpose the treble into bass; mine is as some weak echo of his. Take me as I am—I am not my own, but his: I am a part of him. I am your book; study me. I will describe; I will answer ten thousand questions. I will sing to you the songs that he loved; I will read to you the reading that he approved; I will tell you of our talk; I will show you his letters; you shall see the one lock of hair. I say that it is *not* impossible; and you *shall* do it."

I can give but a faint impression of the torrent of her words here. I have put into her mouth but stilted commonplaces. I cannot help it. Her rapid utterance was not so much language as vocal thought. As one saw in her neither drapery nor flesh, but life; so one read thought and passion, not speech, in what she uttered.

"Now, you will paint me this portrait," she said, with recovered calmness, after a long silence.

"I will try," I said.

"I will not ask you to be secret. I will trust you. I am more certain that you will not betray me than if you had sworn the most solemn oaths. The first thing to tell you," she continued, "is my history; how I came to know this dead man, what we were to each other. There is that in the dead face. You must be told it."

I cannot disclose the details of her story. There were no names mentioned. I never learned her name. The story was a sad, not an uncommon, one: A young girl sold to an old man for money: a guilty love: the par amour had gone to India, with his regiment, and had died there, shot through the heart in battle, about a year before. This was all.

"There is *that* in the dead face," she said, and, as I write it, I recall Tennyson's description of Lancelot:—

"The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but, in him,
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul."

The lady, after her first burst of passion, went on with a wonderful calmness. Her strange determination had evidently been formed for a long time, and she had thought out all the details with a morbid acuteness. The story told, she drew from her bosom a locket, in which was a curl of light brown hair. She confided to me, in the next place, the Christian name of the dead man. He could have had no other name save that, it seemed to her; this was another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence.

She described to me accurately his person, his manner, his tastes. She had the talent of describing. The picture that she had in her mind she could present to another. How she did this I cannot tell. I have said that the thought came through her language so vividly that one took no note of the words. Her description was like a sketch. But not only by voice, but by action of undulating hands, of emphatic foot, of all the light and shadow of her expressive face, she gave life to the image she sought to impress.

A shadow gathered itself together before me, dim, vague; its features shrouded, its figure wrapped in gloom—an indistinct form, but still a form. As by long study of a poet's writing one feels his creation gradually coming forth—such and no other, having a personality entirely its own; so a new image, distinct from all others, began to rise in my imagination as she spoke. How true or how false I cannot say. What two men read the

same poet precisely alike? What poet has ever said to the artist, "You have made my creature visible to others as I see it."

On this first day she was careful, I think, to give me only a general idea of the man I was to paint—the history, the name, the light brown hair, the description of him as a whole. Just as a lover, seeing his future mistress for the first time, carries away with him a vague impression of her as separated off from all the other girls, and yet scarcely knows the color of her eyes or the contour of her cheek; so I gained at this time but a general impression of the person she described. The lover learns afterwards his mistress by heart, trait by trait, line by line; and thus I learned this terrible figure, until at length I could see nothing, paint nothing, but the one face.

The lady's carriage returned for her. She shook hands frankly with me, saying, "I trust you. Remember you put hand to no work till I come to you to-morrow morning. Think of my portrait; dream of it; let it never leave your mind for a moment!"

When the sound of her carriage had died away I turned from the window, and took down my Medusa from the easel. What a change had come over me in the short time since I sobbed over my success in her beautiful horror! That picture was turned towards the wall. I sat down before my blank easel, thinking, thinking. The lady had had no need to say, "Let it never leave your mind for a moment."

"A spirit passed before my face. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof." So it is written in the book of Job; and such a terror of the formless presence as came upon the seer there came upon me. All day, whether in the streets or at home, I was haunted by this shape, "if shape it might be called, that shape had none." I was eager to grasp it; to force it to give up to me its hidden lineaments; to assume some definite form, false or true. I could not and dare not. I longed to take my pencil and compel out of this shadow some visible presentment. The commands laid upon me by the lady prevented this. I had entered upon the work. I felt that this was a first stage that must be gone through. I had laid aside the notion of impossibility, and felt the artist's all-mastering and patient desire of success. To think—that was

all I could do as yet; the time for working had not yet come. All night I dreamed of it; never for a moment did it gain definiteness. There it lay, an embryo—to grow into form only through painful and weary time.

I say that I had given up the notion of the impossibility of the thing. To a reader of this story, laying the case plainly before him, this will seem absurd. To humor and deceive a crazed woman at the price of so many guineas would be understandable; but that, after consenting to undertake this work, I should persuade myself into belief of the remotest hope of any success, must seem incomprehensible. The reader argues from a different standpoint to that which I occupied. The project once entertained, the previous notion of its impossibility was shut out. What best means to employ was the consideration henceforth, not the uselessness of employing any means at all. I was, as it were, in a dream, which, though logical in its own boundaries, could be fitted on to no premises of the daylight world—not an uncommon state of mind with the artist.

At the same hour on the following morning the lady came again. We met as old friends, and she entered at once upon the business in hand.

"You have obeyed me?" she asked, with one of her sad, winning smiles. "You have not been painting?"

"I have obeyed you; and will obey you to the very letter in all you command me."

"You artists," she said, "as I have read and know, have your early simple lessons in the drawing of the human face. There are different types of face, markedly distinct from each other, to one or other of which, or to some recognizable blending of which, all human faces may be assigned. These types you represent by mere simple lines, which of course you have by heart. Now, draw these for me."

This I did, and from the hasty sketches thus made, one was selected and put aside as the primary type—without individuality, without expression—of the face wanted.

Again: she spoke of the "temperaments." Of these she had read in some old book, and said she believed in them as guides in the matter in hand. In colored crayons I made another series of sketches, and from these again one was chosen and put aside.

The day was far spent by this time. While I had been sketching she had been impressing on me prominent points of the history told in brief the day before. Of the family of the dead man, of the manner of his bringing up, of the scenes in which he had lived, of the changes which he had gone through, she spoke, giving me, according to her talent, not words, but her own thoughts.

When she left, she again laid her commands on me that I must on no account attempt to draw the face—to draw at all—as yet. One day intervened before her next visit. During that space I had in some sort assimilated, as I remember, my first dim, formless impression with the sketches selected on the second visit.

Again, at the next sitting, I drew sketches. The passions: we artists, she had heard, had definite expression for each passion—coarse and general hints, no doubt, but still having in them some truth: such a downward curve of the lip for such a passion; such a contraction of the eyelid for another; such a wrinkling of the forehead or puckering of the cheeks for another.

I sketched off the old rude formulæ—a mapping out of the emotions into hyperbolic figures, not unlike the mapping out of the stars on a celestial globe. Then I softened down these exaggerated signs. I illustrated by my own old sketches. I showed the difference between love in the face of a Miranda and of a Juliet. I contrasted the base jealousy of a Leontes with the demoniac possession of an Othello. I put side by side child-Cleopatra blushing under the first gaze of Antony, and Virginia. Degrees of passion broadening into contrasts; the virtue that is vice; the love that is hate; the pride that is shame—such subjects came out of our morning's lesson.

Then we passed on from the fleeting expressions of passion, which pass over the countenance like shadows over hills, to that settled influence which any one passion long obeyed will stamp upon the features. Child-Cleopatra, in her quasi-innocence, was contrasted with the brazen harlot in whose lap Antony lounged away his life.

Upon the chosen type of face, these fleeting expressions of passion, these settled influences of passion, were tried. Something came out of this. "So he looked at such a time"—and the incident was told. "Not

like that—change, soften. Now it is better.” All this; and the dead face seemed to stir within its grave.

I cannot write the history of day by day. The ingenuity of my patroness in gathering together every smallest detail which might help to bring home to me the character and the person of her dead lover, is the most marvellous matter that I have ever known.

One day she brought a collection of engravings—some old and shabby, some new and tawdry, some scarce and fine, evidently a collection made through years, gathered together month by month, from all places, and with always the same object. In some figure in each of these there was a certain likeness to him—here the position, there the turn of the head, there the eyes, there the smile. And these scraps of likeness she had the rare power of making me see, showing me in what the likeness consisted, where it began and where it ended. These scraps she would make me copy again and again.

Another day she brought a packet of his letters. She showed me the writing and the differences in it, according to the varying rapidity of it, and according to the emotions influencing him while he wrote. Here was a letter blotted with tears; another full of the wildest gayety; another acrid with jealousy and distrust. She read these letters to me, changing her intonations. “Thus he would have spoken this. So he would have flung his arms about. This is something like his laugh.”

She read to me books that he had liked, and told me the observations he had made upon certain passages. She sang to me songs that she had sung to him—told me how this had made him solemn, this brilliant and gay—how this had always filled his eyes with tears. One song in particular was his favorite; and this she was constantly crooning. To me, now, that strange episode in my life comes back set to the music of this song.

Day after day passed by. Almost every day, never suffering more than one day to intervene, she came to me. Whether true or false, I gradually created in my imagination a distinct picture of the dead man. Every story she told of him fitted itself to this image. In my dreams I seemed to have rev-

elations of him. The creation of my brain was complete. More distinct than of any ideal character, was the image now impressed upon my mind. Not with the passion of one especial moment upon him—the crimson blush of Virginia, the transforming agony of Medusa, the wretchedness of Leontes eying the “padding palms”—but as a veritable human being, to be portrayed, when the time came, under influence of any passion, or at ease from all.

Hitherto I had been commanded to abstain from attempting the portrait. At last the converse fiat was issued. For one week the lady was to remain absent; at the end of that week, she was to see the portrait.

I painted my picture, and the lady came. A burst of tears; an agony of wringing hands and bowed head and writhing body; not a grieving woman, but grief itself. The portrait was a failure. Utterly unlike. All the labor and the pain thrown away. No hope left.

Yet it came to be acknowledged, after the first shock of disappointment, that my unfortunate picture was not *totally* unlike. It was impossible, after all my study, that it should be so. There were portions of it in which some echo, some far-off shadow, of the reality was to be discovered.

We set to work with renewed hope.

I thought it strange then, I think it strange still, that my failure in my first attempt was so great. I knew very much more of this man whom I had never seen, than of any person whose portrait I have since taken. I knew from a thousand sources of chance likeness, of imitation, of description, of shrewd conjecture, of flashing intuition, what this person was like. What do portrait-painters usually paint but the best clothes of their sitters? The glossy coat and spotless shirt-front are not more mere dress than the sunny smile and the prim mouth and the dull wateriness of the set eye. I knew this dead man, his strengths and his weaknesses, his loves and his hates, his great sorrows and his great sins. Of no other people whom I have painted have I known more than that they had such a facial angle, such features, such a blemish to be toned down, such a half-beauty to be petted into completeness.

However, we set to work anew. I painted

now with the lady at my side. Why should I dwell on the details of this time? I can give no idea of how the portrait was painted. It is sufficient to say that I did at length succeed in achieving some faint and distant likeness, having more of death than of life in it—a galvanized ghastliness of expression, a cruel rigidity of outline, a sickly pallor of color—yet being, as some distorted reflection of the reality, recognizable by my monitress.

When this was achieved, I learned for the first time that a sister of the dead man was alive, and in London, and to be seen by me. Why had this not been told me before; I asked. Because the sister was unlike the brother, I was told, and would have been of no service to me until this time. One look only of the sister claimed any kinship with the brother's countenance. Under sudden surprise there was a lifting of the eyebrows, a compression of the lips, a steady glance of the eyes, which I should now be able to seize upon and appreciate.

How I was to see the sister was in this fashion: There was a *dejeuner* about to be given at some grand house on the river-side. For this the lady obtained a voucher for me. Here she undertook to show me the sister, and to call up in her face the expression upon which I was to seize.

I went to this *dejeuner*. The lady pointed out to me by a silent gesture and a momentary glance of the eye the woman whom I was to observe. This sister was a blonde, handsome, haughty, impassive. A crowd of young men surrounded her wheresoever she turned.

I never lost sight of this woman. My lady, too, hovered in her neighborhood. My lady, as the other, had a crowd of worshippers about her. They seemed to me two rival queens.

I had no enjoyment in the scene. The incongruity of seeking in the midst of this frivolous gayety for the expression of a dead man's face was constantly present with me.

The afternoon wore away wearily. I was conscious of my shabby clothes and my haggard face, so different from those of the men around me. I felt on an equality with my lady as we labored at our terrible work in my little studio; here I felt how far we were separated. She trifled with the men, she smiled upon them, she talked and laughed and listened. Her eyes were brilliant, her color went and came. She whispered, she sighed, she coquetted.

I was dissatisfied. I thought of the painted death-in-life upon my easel. I thought of the reason we were both there; and I mistrusted and misjudged her.

Suddenly she turned upon me her eyes. She rose from her garden seat and crossed over to the blonde sister. My lady extended her hand, and smiled a winning smile, and spoke soft words. On the face of the other there came the look I was to watch for—a lifting of the eyebrows, a compression of the lips, a steady glance of the cruel eyes. She put aside the extended hand, swept the ground with a low bow, and passed on. My lady turned to me with a crimson face, waving dismissal.

That was enough. The one look completed for me the picture studied for so long.

And now to end my story. The portrait was finished. My money was paid me. On the next morning the lady was to take away the picture.

The lady never came—why, I cannot tell. On that morning a lady in high life died suddenly; whether my lady or not I do not know, for I had never heard her name.

NEGROES IN AFRICA AND IN EUROPE.—"The Negro," says a writer in the *Cornhill*, "invents nothing, originates nothing, improves nothing." The same can pretty nearly be said of the Bourbon, with this addition—that your Bourbon learns nothing. In fact, it may be said with justice, and we wish to offend no black man with the comparison, that the Bourbons are the Negroes of Europe.—*Punch*.

WHEN you give a piece of your mind, take care it's not the biggest piece.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of thyme. This explains one's always tasting stuffing to-morrow.

ALAS! my son, how fleeting is all earthly bliss! Did you ever meet a man who greatly cared for turtle soup after the fourth plateful?

LIFE'S QUESTION.

DRIFTING away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend :
Such is our progress :
Where is the end ?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend ;
Such our fidelity :
Where is the end ?

Floating away
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still :
Where to repose ourselves ?
Whither to tend ?
Such our consistency :
Where is the end ?

Crystal the pavement,
Seen through the stream :
Firm the reality
Under the dream :
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend :
How we have conquered
Not known, till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind,
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind :
Frost shall not wither it,
Storms cannot bend :
Roots firmly clasping
The rock, at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud :
Clear shine the stars, through
The rifts of the shroud :
There our repose shall be,
Thither we tend :
Spite of our waverings
Approved at the End.

HENRY ALFORD.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MARE MEDITERRANEUM.

A LINE of light ! It is the inland sea,
The least in compass, and the first in fame ;
The gleaming of its waves recalls to me
Full many an ancient name.

As through my dreamland float the days of old,
The forms and features of their heroes shine ;
I see Phœnician sailors bearing gold
From the Tartessian mine.

Seeking new worlds, storm-tossed Ulysses plows
Remoter surges of the winding main ;
And Grecian captains come to pay their vows,
Or gather up the slain.

I see the temples of the " violet crown "
Burn upward in the hour of glorious flight ;
And mariners of uneclipsed renown,
Who won the great sea-fight.

I hear the dashing of a thousand oars,
The angry waters take a crimson dye,
A thousand echoes vibrate from the shores
With Athens' battle-cry.

Again the Carthaginian rovers sweep
With sword and commerce on from shore to
shore ;
In visionary storms the breakers leap
Round Syrtes, as of yore.

Victory, sitting on the seven hills,
Had gained the world when she had mastered
thee ;
Thy bosom with the Roman war-note thrills,
Waves of the inland sea !

Next, singing as they sail, in shining ships,
I see the monarch minstrels of romance ;
And hear their praises murmured through the
lips
Of the fair maids of France.

Across the deep another music swells,
On Adrian bays a later splendor smiles,
Power hails the marble city where she dwells,
Queen of a hundred isles.

But the light fades, the vision wears away ;
I see the mist above the dreary wave ;
Blow, winds of Freedom, give another day
Of glory to the brave.

Cette, July, 1861.

J. N.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

FROSTY WEATHER.

Now frozen mists the trees with crystals grace,
Robing each branch and twig in finest lace ;
The ruddy sun peeps through the hazy air ;
And snow-wreaths blush, to be so white and fair.
The weary birds twice their keen hunger feel,
For biting cold exacts a second meal :
They in the sheltered banks lie mute and still,
And stiff on end raise every feathered quill.
Then, as the sun in midday gains more power,
The lace becomes a glittering silver shower ;
Down from the trees the needle prisms fall,
Emitting sounds sharp, crisp, and musical.
The boughs are bending with their fleece of snow ;
The icicles, like giant jewels, glow ;
While the white surface of untrodden fields
Doubles the light the shortened daytime yields.
Acknowledge then, O man ! the loving power
That fills with beauty winter's trying hour ;
Pure be thy thoughts, as yon broad plains of
snow ;

Return God's love, as they the sun's bright glow.

CHARLES EDE.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

From Chambers's Journal.
BLINDFOLD CHESS.

THE chess-world (for there is a "world" in chess as in other matters) has lately been startled by a very extraordinary performance at one of the "divans" of the metropolis. A young American has played *ten* games at once, against an equal number of players, without, on his part, obtaining a single glimpse at any one of the chess-boards.

The feat is not new; but never before was it performed so triumphantly as in the present day. The writers who have ferreted out the early history of this beautiful game have found the name of one Tchelebi, who, nearly nine centuries ago, was able to play at chess without seeing the board. Many persons in the East acquired the art of playing by *feeling* instead of *seeing* pieces; but that is a very different affair, since in such a case the sense of touch comes in aid of the memory. In 1266, a Saragen, named Buzecca, came to Florence and at the Palazzo del Popolo played three games at once, looking at one board, but not at the other two. He won two of the games, and made a *drawn* or abandoned game of the other. As all his competitors were skilful players, his achievement caused irrepressible astonishment. At various times, in later centuries, this mode of play was exhibited by different persons—Ruy Lopez, the author of one of the earliest treatises on chess; Mangiolini of Florence, Zerone, Medrano, Leonardi da Cutri, Paolo Boi, Salvio, and others, many of whom were Spaniards. Boi is reputed to have played three games at once without seeing the board. Damiano, an Italian, who wrote a treatise on chess more than three centuries and a half ago, gave what he called "Rules" for learning to play without seeing the board; but his rules are worth very little, amounting chiefly to a recommendation to cultivate the memory. Keyser, in his *Account of Turin* (1749), says: "The late Father Sacchieri, Lecturer on Mathematics at Pavia, was a remarkable instance of the strength of the human understanding, particularly that faculty of the soul we term memory. He could play at chess with three different persons at the same time, even without seeing any one of the three chess-boards. He required no more than that his substitute should tell him

what piece his antagonist had moved, and Sacchieri could direct what step was to be taken on his side, holding, at the same time, conversation with the company present. If any dispute arose about the place where any piece should be, he could tell every move that had been made, not only by himself, but by his antagonist, from the beginning of the game, and in this manner incontestably decided the proper place of the piece. This uncommon dexterity at the game of chess appears to me almost the greatest instance that can be produced of a surprising memory."

The most celebrated player of the last century, however, in this peculiar achievement, was the Frenchman André Danican, who then, and afterwards, was generally known by the name of Philidor. In 1743, when Philidor was about eighteen years old, M. de Legalle asked him whether he had ever tried to play from memory, without seeing the board. The youth replied, that as he had calculated moves, and even whole games, at night in bed, he thought he could do it. He immediately played a game with the Abbé Chenard, which he won without seeing the board. After that, a little practice enabled him to play nearly as well in this as in the ordinary fashion—sometimes two games at once. The French *Cyclopédie* told of a particular game in which a false move was purposely made by his antagonist; Philidor discovered it after many moves, and replaced the pieces in their proper position. Forty years afterwards, he was residing in England, where he astonished English players by his blindfold achievements at a chess-club in St. James' Street. He played three games at once, with Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, and Mr. Maseres, the first two of whom were reputed the best players at that time in England. Philidor won two of the games, and drew the third, all within two hours. On another occasion, in the same year (1783), he played three games at once, blindfold as before, and giving the odds of pawn and move to one of his antagonists; again did he win two of the games, and draw the third. His demeanor during these labors surprised his visitors as much as his skill, for he kept up a lively conversation during his games.

Many eminent chess-players, including

M'Donnell, La Bourdonnaye, Staunton, etc., have achieved these blindfold wonders, in greater or less degree, since the days of Philidor. M'Donnell, a famous player about thirty years ago, played his moves even more rapidly without than with the board; he did not object to any amount of conversation in the room during his play, but disliked whispers. La Bourdonnaye could play within a shade of his full strength without seeing the board; he won against good players, on some occasions two at a time; but when trying the threefold labor, his brain nearly gave way, and he wisely abandoned all such modes of playing his favorite game. Mr. Staunton, the leading English player at present (but who has almost ceased to play since he undertook the editing of an edition of Shakspeare), some years ago played many blindfold games with Harwitz and Kieseritzky, foreign players of note.

Very recently, however, all the honors of Europe, in this department of indoor games, have been run away with by two young Americans, Morphy and Paulsen. Paul Morphy, a native of New Orleans, seemed to be born with chess in his blood; he played almost from childhood; and at thirteen years of age he proved a formidable antagonist to Herr Löwenthal, a noted Hungarian. In 1857, when just twenty years of age, Morphy encountered Paulsen, a native of Iowa, only a little older than himself, at a chess congress in New Orleans. All the gray-beards struck their flag to Paulsen, and then he struck to Morphy. Of Morphy's subsequent achievements in regular play, which stamp him as perhaps the first living chess-player (we say this with fear and trembling, however, for the knights of the game are a sensitive race), we will not speak here, for our purpose is only to notice the blindfold performances. At the chess congress above mentioned, he finely played a blindfold game with a leading German player. Early in 1858, he struck the New Orleanists with amazement by playing *six* games simultaneously, without seeing any of the boards; winning five of them, and exhibiting beautiful play throughout. He then came to Europe, not only to "lick the Britishers," but "all creation;" and it must be admitted that he made great progress towards that achievement. At a meeting of the Chess Associa-

tion at Birmingham, in August, 1858, he played *eight* games simultaneously, without sight of the boards. His opponents were Lord Lyttelton, and seven other persons, mostly presidents or secretaries of provincial chess clubs. Against such players, and under such tremendous conditions, he won no less than six games out of the eight, drawing a seventh, and losing the eighth. In the following month, he went over and astonished the Parisians in a similar way; he contended blindfold against eight practised players at once, at the *Café de la Régence*, a famous resort of chess-players; and out of these he did not lose even one; he was the victor in six, and drew the other two. In the spring of 1859, Morphy contended against eight of the most experienced members of the London Chess Club, including Mr. Mongredien and Mr. Walker, two distinguished players. He won two games, and drew the other six—all the players except himself being wearied out by a very protracted sitting. A few days afterwards, he played with eight members of the St. George's Chess Club, including Lord Cremorne, Lord Arthur Hay, and Captain Kennedy; he won five, and the rest were drawn through want of time to finish them.

Nevertheless, inconceivable as these mental labors are, Morphy yields to Paulsen in blindfold play. There are whispers of twelve or fifteen games having been tried simultaneously by the latter; but the number *ten* has been most certainly reached, under conditions of the utmost publicity.

On the 7th of October in the present year, at a Divan in the Strand, ten players accepted Mr. Paulsen's challenge to grapple with them all simultaneously, the boards being placed out of his sight. One of the players was M. Sabouroff, secretary to the Russian Embassy in London; the other nine comprised many names well known among chess-players. Ten chess-boards were placed on ten tables in the room. An arm-chair, turned away towards a window, was mounted on a dais. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Paulsen, a quiet, courteous young man, with not a trace of "brag" in him, took his seat in this arm-chair. For twelve mortal hours he never rose, never ate, never smoked, and drank nothing but a little lemonade. What were his mental labors during that time, we shall see. His ten antagonists took

their seats at the ten tables; and each table speedily became the centre of a group of spectators, whose comments were not always so silent as in fairness they ought to have been. Paulsen could not see any of the chess-boards. Herr Kling, a noted player and teacher of chess, acted as general manager. He called the boards by numbers—No. 1 to No. 10. Paulsen audibly announced his first move for board No. 1; Kling made that move; the antagonist replied to it; Kling audibly announced the reply; Paulsen considered what should be his second move, and when he had audibly announced his decision, Kling made the proper move on the board. Here No. 1 rested for awhile. No. 2 now made his move, leading to the same course of proceeding as before. Then No. 3 in the same way; then No. 4; and so on to No. 10; after which No. 1 began a new cycle, by playing a second move; and thus they proceeded over and over again.

Now let us see what all this implies and involves. Chess is not one of the most frolicsome of games; indeed, ladies generally declare it to be very dull, seeing that a chess-player is apt to be "grumpy" if spoken to on other matters while playing. The truth is, there is a demand for much mental work in managing a game well; the combinations and subtleties, the attacks and counter-attacks, are so numerous and varied, as to keep the mind pretty fully occupied. Nevertheless, a fine game between two fine players is mere child's play compared with this wonderful achievement of Paulsen. He was obliged to form ten mental pictures; and every picture changed with every move, like the colored bits in a kaleidoscope. Most persons, even though knowing nothing of the game, are aware that it begins with thirty-two pieces of different colors and forms, and that these move about over a board of sixty-

four squares. After every change of position in any one of the pieces, Paulsen must have changed his mental picture of the board, the field of battle, and then made that a fixture until the next move was made. This is hard enough in even one game, against an antagonist who has his eyes to help him in planning attacks and defences; but how hard must it be against ten! It is difficult to conceive what is the condition of the mental machinery under such circumstances; and yet, there he sat, the calmest man in the room. When told of his antagonists' doings, one by one, he looked quietly out of window, and rubbed his chin, as a man often does when thinking, and then announced his move—never mistaking board No. 1 for No. 7, No. 9 for No. 3—never failing to recover the proper mental picture, and make the proper change in it; never embarrassed; never making an unlawful move, or likely to lose sight (mental sight) of any unlawful move made by his antagonists. Nor did he obtain the least pause for mental rest. Without one minute's interval, as soon as he had announced a move for one board, he was required to attend to the move of another antagonist at another board. Hour after hour did this continue—all the afternoon, all the evening, midnight, until two in the morning. He made two hundred and seventy moves in the twelve hours, twenty-seven per game on an average; this gave two minutes and a quarter for the consideration of each move. As all his moves were met by corresponding moves on the part of his antagonists, he was called upon to form five hundred and forty complete mental pictures in twelve consecutive hours, each picture representing the exact mode in which all the sixty-four squares of a chess-board were occupied. Paulsen won two games, lost three, and drew five.

As thorns are to the rose, so are pins to lovely woman. A female in full dress is never unprotected.

MILLINERS' bills are the tax which the male sex has to pay for the beauty of the female.

WHY is a screeching florid singer like a jeweller? Because he pierces the ears for the sake of introducing ornament.—[N. B. Name an artist, when you want to be spiteful.]

From The Spectator.

FRENCH WOMEN OF LETTERS. *

THE influence of women in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is one of the great facts of modern European civilization. What we now call "society," was the natural result of the cessation of civil war, and the decay of feudalism. And this form of life demanded its code of rules as much as the military form which was expiring. Hence the origin of manners, which are among civilians what discipline is among soldiers; and of which as an art we discover no traces previous to the seventeenth century. These Articles of polite war we owe almost exclusively to that dynasty of brilliant women who regulated Parisian life for a period of two hundred years. Of these the women of letters formed no insignificant portion, for although Molière did his best to make learned women ridiculous, and succeeded so far as to make ignorance fashionable, yet a counter influence was at work upon the other side, which secured to the women of Paris a higher place in the intellectual movement of the age than they enjoyed in either Germany or England. Debarred from politics and law, cut off from all local interests and provincial jurisdictions, the French aristocracy were compelled to rely upon society for that mental exercise of which all men feel the necessity in one shape or another. Thus, however illiterate the women of the time might be, they were forbidden to be mere butterflies. The masculine intellect must have something on which to whet itself, and in France the women were compelled to supply the substance. Hence it is possible to understand what otherwise would be inexplicable—the singular union of ignorance with influence for which they were conspicuous. M. de Tocqueville vouches for the first. The young ladies of the old *régime*, he says, were taught absolutely nothing. But they had tact and wit; and picked up knowledge from the men. Ignorance, it would seem, was necessary to obtain a husband; for to know anything would have been considered a mark of forwardness and immodesty. But wit and power were required to enslave a lover. The authority of Molière could not

go beyond a certain point. He might teach men to laugh at pedantry, but he could not make them relish insipidity: and the woman accordingly who should give law to French society was compelled to be something more than a mere agreeable beauty. Under these circumstances, it is clear that women of letters must have occupied an important social position, however far they might have shared in the general disfavor with which literature as a profession was regarded. For the French *noblesse*, we must remember, no more thought of associating with men of letters as their equals, than did any of the other aristocracies of the eighteenth century. It was necessary, says Miss Kavanagh, for Mademoiselle Scudéry frequently to remind the company of her own aristocratic origin, in order to make any head against the prejudice which her mode of life excited. Her constant allusions to the ruin of "our house," as though it had been a European catastrophe, became at last a standing joke. But the practice was not caused by pride, but by necessity. Still, in spite of these drawbacks, the authoresses of the period enjoyed an influence and popularity quite unknown to their English sisterhood till many years later; and Miss Kavanagh, therefore, is under no necessity of apologizing for these two volumes. They are extremely interesting, as they tell us in a short compass much that we are very glad to know of so splendid a society as existed under the Bourbon monarchy.

The original sources of the peculiar *esprit* of French women is found by Miss Kavanagh in the Hôtel de Rambouillet. This hôtel, the residence of the marchioness of that name, was, though for a much longer time, and on a much larger scale, what Gore House and Holland House were in England. Here, for exactly half a century, from 1600 to 1650, the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of intellect continued to be brought together. The presence of a woman at the head of this brilliant coterie, naturally inspired other women with a desire for literary fame. The success which attended her assemblies inspired men of letters with a desire for something less desultory. From the first feeling sprang the French blue-stockings, "*Les Précieuses*." From the second sprang the French Academy. The learned ladies were attacked by Molière in "*Les Pré-*

* *French Women of Letters*. By Julia Kavanagh. In two volumes. Hurst and Blackett.

cieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," with the effect we have already seen. But not until, according to Miss Kavanagh, they had effected much real good :—

"For depravity and impure language, whether spoken or written, they substituted the refinement of virtue and the delicacy of good taste. To them we owe it that the French literature of the age can, with few exceptions, be read without shame in ours; that, whilst poetry and prose were almost equally profligate in England, they were comparatively pure in France."

The ladies of whom Miss Kavanagh has given separate biographies are ten in number, and are all novelists; the reason which is assigned for this restriction being that novels are the most influential form of modern literature. She introduces into her list no later name than that of Madame De Genlis, who died in 1830, and her plan is to give first the life, and then an analysis and critique of the works of each writer. Miss Kavanagh had of course a right to confine herself to novelists if she chose; but we think it would have been better not to style the book *French Women of Letters*, for such a title is clearly incorrect, whatever the reasons which are given for it, and excites the suspicion that it was rather the difficulty of finding a better one than the propriety of the one chosen which led to its adoption. The first of the series is Mademoiselle De Gournay (1565–1645), the adopted daughter of Montaigne. This lady wrote largely upon a variety of subjects; and seems to have published only one novel, which is called "Alinda," "chiefly valuable to us as being the first genuine modern novel written in French by a woman." It is a most tragic story, of which the scene is laid in Parthia, consistent with the practice pursued by this lady's successors of founding their novels upon classical or antique incidents. Mademoiselle De Gournay was a frequenter of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, one of *les précieuses*, and took a prominent part in company with the embryo "Academy" in fixing the canon of the French language. The second lady on the list is Mademoiselle De Scudéry (1607–1701), who wrote altogether fifty volumes, averaging about a thousand pages each. Of these, three are romances which were eagerly devoured in their day by

the French public. They are entitled "Ibrahim," "The Great Cyrus," and "Clelia." The most popular of these and the longest was "The Great Cyrus," which our readers may remember was in course of perusal by Edith Bellenden in "Old Mortality." Its chief charm in the eyes of French readers would render it unbearable at the present day. "The historical characters, places, and events, are made to fit the men and women, the localities, the incidents, and the feelings of Louis XIV.'s court, reign, and kingdom." Thus, Cyrus himself was the great Condé, and madame, the heroine, was Madame de Longueville.

To Madame de la Fayette (1633–1693) we owe the first novel of what we may call the modern school: that is, a novel in which no use is made of historical characters and events, and monstrous or heroic exploits. It is a love story, and the whole interest turns upon the trials of the two lovers. This is "The Princess de Cleves." But she also wrote another novel of the old-fashioned school, called "Zayde," which was equally popular in its day. Madame de Tencin (1683–1749), sister of the infamous Abbé de Tencin, the friend of the Regent Orleans and John Law, first, according to our authoress, introduced "the eloquence of passion" into French novels, meaning by that phrase the tone of the "Nouvelle Héloïse." Madame was a woman of fiery passions herself. Divesting herself of the conventual fetters which had been imposed upon her at fifteen years of age, she came to her brother at Paris, consorted with a variety of lovers, and had at least one illegitimate child, whom she left upon a door-step, and who grew up to be the famous D'Alembert. She mixed eagerly in all the intrigues and profligacy of that awful time. She was intimate with Lord Bolingbroke, was for a time mistress to the regent, and afterwards to Cardinal Dubois, and she seems only to have taken to literature when her beauty and her lovers deserted her. Madame Riccoboni (1714–1792) is next upon our list. Her maiden name was Mézières. When about twenty years of age, she was seduced by an English nobleman, and on being deserted by him, adopted the stage as a profession. She married an actor named Riccoboni, and continued for many years in the position of a painstaking and meritorious,

but not very brilliant actress. As a novelist, we are told that her chief excellence consists in the cleverness of her stories, an art which she had probably picked up upon the stage, and that she was one of the first to make use of suicide in fiction. After Madame Riccoboni come Madame de Genlis, Madame de Charrière, Madame de Krüdener, Madame Cotton, and Madame de Staël. These ladies are all discussed in the same way. First we have their lives, and then an epitome of their writings. But as the chief incidents in their lives, as well as the character of their works, are probably well known to our readers, we shall not reproduce Miss Kavanagh's account of them. That the power of women in France survived the old society in which it had originally been formed, is clear from Napoleon's conduct to both Madame de Genlis and Madame de Staël. The first he admired,

made a regular correspondent of, and pensioned handsomely. The second he both feared and hated, and went so far as to say that if she had exerted in his favor all the influence which she put forth against him, his fate might have been different. This same feminine dominion lasted through the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and has at length expired, according to M. de Tocqueville, under the weight of the second empire.

With the execution of this work we have only one fault to find: the extracts given from the various works mentioned are far too long. They might be shortened by at least one-half without impairing their effect, and in that case the whole work might be completed in one good-sized volume, which is always preferable to two, if nothing is sacrificed to attain it.

A DISH OF LAVA.

WE are disappointed with Vesuvius. We had hoped better things from that old and respectable, if rather fiery party, than at a moment like this he should be so excited by the state of affairs in Italy as to lend himself to the general perturbation. But he has burst out into a furious eruption, and is frightening away the people, and swallowing up villages, just as the Dragon of Wantley used to do. It is inconsiderate, and what is worse, it is self-humiliating. We would apologize for the old mountain, but hardly know what to say. Does he recollect the days when Spartacus, with a band of slaves and gladiators, took possession of his fastnesses? and does he think the Italian brigands of our day unworthy to fill the place of men who fought for freedom? Does he remember that in 472 he sent his ashes as far as Constantinople, according to the historians, and does he want to give the Sultan Abdul-Aziz a hint that he will have to put other ashes on his head if he does not mind what he is about? We are not in the old crater's confidence, and cannot say; but unless he can give a very good reason for

his inflammatory conduct, we do not think that he is behaving well to Italy. He has destroyed that unlucky Torre del Greco exactly twenty-five times, and there is a monotony, arguing aridity of intellect, about his proceedings. We scorn to hint to him that there are several quacks in England who advertise remedies against all eruptions, and that we should have no objection to throw such remedies, and the advertisers, into his chasms, though such is our feeling. His years and history entitle him to reverence—Shakspearially speaking,—

“Respect for thy great place, and let the—
Mountain
Be sometime honored for his burning throne.”

But if Vesuvius, *alias* Vesevus, *alias* Vesuvius, has any good feeling in his inwards, he will be quiet for the present. We suspect the old rebel does not like good sovereigns: his first break-out was under Titus, the Delight of Mankind, and his last is under Victor Emmanuel, who may not be perfect but is far and away the best king Italy has had for many a century. We fear the mountain has the revolutionary tendencies of its French namesake.—*Punch*.

From The Eclectic Review.
JOHN PLUMMER.

LORD BROUGHAM pronounced a high encomium, twelve months since, on John Plummer, a working stay-maker, of Kettering, Northamptonshire. "This man," said his lordship, "has distinguished himself, not in mechanism, but in a subject of a higher order than working-men generally enter into—the subject of strikes. No man," he says, "can reason the subject better, and I hope," continued his lordship, "my old friends and constituents of Yorkshire will give a serious and calm attention to Mr. Plummer's reasoning." We have before us *Songs of Labor, Northamptonshire Rambles, and Other Poems, by John Plummer*,—the same self-taught, noble, right-minded and hearted, and indefatigable man. This little volume is dedicated by the factory operative to Lord Brougham. We are always glad to introduce such a volume to the notice of our readers; if we cannot help to sell, we may help to encourage; but indeed he does not need encouragement. A young man yet, he seems to have a large acquaintance among the noblest of our peers, as well as some of the most eminent of our men of letters. He has, in various periodicals, employed his pen on every variety of topic. Here is an affecting beginning to his life:—

"Near to the Tower of London exists a neighborhood unequalled for squalidness, poverty, and misery. I refer to the purlieus of Royal Mint Street, as it is now ambitiously designated, but which is better known by its ancient title of Rosemary Lane, although it is many, very many, years since it deserved a name which awakens the thoughts of sunny orchards, green meadows, and all the glorious beauty of nature. Old clothes' shops, kept by persons of unmistakably Jewish extraction; dirty low places, by courtesy termed 'grocery stores;' milkshops, potato sheds, and flaunting handsome 'gin palaces,' line the main street, which forms the chief artery of a labyrinth of long, narrow, filthy courts, inhabited by Irish laborers, and the lowest and most poverty-stricken of the London poor; and where scenes are daily, nay, hourly enacted, which are sufficient to make 'angels weep,' and to mock the proud boast of our vaunted progress in the path of civilization.

"In this locality I was born, on the 3d of June, 1831; my father being a stay-maker in a small way of business for himself. Of my infancy I can but glean few particulars; but I

was always considered a very precocious child, and passionately fond of pictures and books. My father's trade was not very profitable; and when I was five years of age a serious illness overtook him, which prevented him from attending to his business, thereby deranging his affairs, and breaking up his little connection. By this blow the family were reduced to a state of the greatest distress; and I was sent to St. Albans, where an uncle took charge of me for awhile, so that I should not be a burden on the efforts of my parents, who struggled, but, alas! in vain, to recover their former position; and were compelled to accept of the kindness of my grandmother, who kindly offered them an attic in a house, of which she had the sole charge. To add to their difficulties, my poor mother had the misfortune to fracture her leg by a fall, and I was never afterwards enabled to leave the house, except on a very few special occasions, until the time of her death at Kettering: while, at the same time, my infant brother, Edmund, died; but, before his death, he was continually expressing a wish to see me, so I was sent from St. Albans in charge of the carrier; but my arrival was too late, for poor Edmund was no more. I have but a dim perception of what followed, for I can only recollect attending a funeral, and crying bitterly; as, immediately afterwards, all became a total blank, till I found myself slowly recovering—as from the dead—from the effects of a severe fever. When I began to recover my consciousness, I was surprised at the stillness which seemed to pervade the room. My parents were moving about, but I could not hear them! and, although they came to me, and moved their lips, yet I could not hear them—I was deaf! I tried to move, and to sit up in bed, but my limbs refused their office—I was lame! besides being deaf. The full extent of my affliction remained unfelt by me at first; and it was not till long, long months of bitter suffering had passed away, that I felt how my infirmities had deprived me of the enjoyment of all that is sweet and pleasing in the world of sound."

He knows not how he picked up the knowledge of reading and of books, but he has served his order so well, and disseminated views so conducive to the well-being of the community, that Lord Palmerston granted him £40 from Her Majesty's royal bounty. In this volume, which rebukes criticism by its modesty, and by the circumstances in which it was produced, and which yet charms the eye pleasantly along, from page to page, its author lingers over old Northamptonshire traditions, or soliloquizes among old North-

amptonshire ruins, or sings in unaffected and hearty measures the hopes and the sorrows, the miseries or the mistakes of the artisan, or the mechanic. Our author belongs to the county of John Clare; his sympathies do not, like those of poor Clare, call him especially into the more hidden walks and ways of nature. Man, and human history, these seem to be the topics of his pen; the struggles of his order interest him, the hopes of the world; from the dark world of the present he finds bright relief in the cheerful worlds of the imagination, and not occupying himself alone in dreaming, as we have seen, he labors to make even his imaginations practical. Every working man, able to reason rightly upon strikes, to withstand the madness of the mob who seeks to pacify lawless passions, deserves the heartiest words of commendation which can be spoken of him. As to the poetry of John Plummer, it is thoroughly scenic and historical; all poetry is the record of things seen and felt, but some things are seen and felt most by the apprehension of an inner consciousness. John Plummer's is more historical and sensible; there is frequently a happy wisdom in his verses. Here, for instance:—

“THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.

“Thus spoke the Country to the Town:—
O Sister, are they true,
These evil things which people speak,
And dare ascribe to you?
I hear of loathsome courts and lanes,
Where Vice and Fever dwell;
Where Crime and Hate, and Shame and Sin
Combine for purpose fell:

“Where selfish parents drain the glass,
Nor Love, nor Pity feel,
But bid their offspring roam the streets,
To starve, or lie, or steal!
Where brutal fiends break the vows
At God's high altar made:
And kill the partners of their life
By blows, or crimson blade;

“Where painted harlots frenzied smile,
Or laugh in wild despair;
Or reckless leap the silent bridge,
And end their anguish *there*!
O Sister—dearest Sister—hear
The fond appeal from me—
Arise, and in thy strength sublime,
Say these no more shall be.

“Then to the Country spake the Town:—
Why dost thou cast the stone!
Art thou less stained with crime than I?
Canst thou less evil own?
I have no ricks for Hate to burn;
Nor woods where keepers hide,
To mark the poacher's crouching form
Through fern and grasses glide.

“Hast thou less offspring born of shame,
Our lasting stain to be?
From drunken brawls and brutal fights,
Say, Sister, art thou free?
Then said the Country to the Town—
We both are in the wrong,
We both have erred, we both have fell,
And yet we both are strong.

“Then let us both with cheerful Zeal,
With Gentleness and Love,
With Mercy, Hope, and Faith divine,
These evils dare remove.
Nor each reproach with gibe and scorn,
Nor mutual strife endure;
But raise our children from the dust,
And bid them sin no more.”

And in another vein, the following:—

“NORTHAMPTON.

“I stand amid the moving crowds which throng
each busy street,
Where wagons, carts, and hucksters' stalls, in
wild confusion meet;
And pale-faced toilers listless roam, and country
damsels stray;
Or loud-tongued politicians blame the statesmen
of the day!
Here portly farmers speak of crops, or moot the
price of grain:
There Crispin's sons, with bitter speech, of new
machines complain.
But few who play their daily part in each
strange scene of life,
E'er think that here the robber Dane and Saxon
met in strife.

“Ay, where the hawkers vend their wares, and
noisy urchins play,
To gloomy Thor, the savage Dane would bow
him down and pray.
To pray—his battle-axe still wet with Saxon
maiden's blood—
To pray—where smoking ruins marked where
once a church had stood—
To pray—while dark-robed monks and nuns
lay bleeding in each cell;
And all around the sword and flame worked
War's own bloody spell.
Oh! God be thanked, these times are past, and
England may in peace
Behold her glory, wealth, and strength, still
evermore increase.

"And yet I fain would linger still, and with
impulsive strain,
Recall the splendors of the past, and bid them
live again :—

An endless train of noble forms slow pass be-
fore my sight,

The Monarch, Prince, and belted Earl, the
Churchman and the Knight,

Again arise the castle walls, and from their tur-
rets high,

The silken banners blazon forth, and angry foes
defy.

On every lofty battlement the warders' helmets
shine,

And archers on their trusty bows in watchful-
ness recline.

"While slowly rings the vesper bell, or aged
minstrels sing

The famous deeds in Palestine of England's
lion-king ;

And high-born maidens cast their glance of ten-
derness and love

On gallant youths, who, for their smile, their
skill in tournaments prove ;

Again the fiery chargers prance before the cas-
tle gate,

Where pages young, in doublets gay, for steel-
clad nobles wait ;

And tease the burly serving man, or kiss the
bashful maid,

Or tremble at a monkish scowl, though never
word be said.

"But, lo ! the dreams begin to fade, and other
forms I view :

The young and noble Cavaliers, to throne and
monarch true :

Again they raise the wine-cup high, and mirth-
ful ditties troll,

Or drink a hump to their king, and raise a
groan for 'Noll.'

Away again—the fight is o'er, and all is flight
and rout ;

The clash of swords, and shrieks, and cries,
mix with the victor's shout ;

The crimson flames shoot madly up, and terror
pales each brow—

The star of Royal Charles has waned, and
Cromwell triumphs now.

"Away again—no more the curse of strife and
civil war

Brings mourning to each peaceful home, and
spreads distress afar ;

But smiling crowds, and waving flags, and joy-
ous clanging bells,

And lusty cheers, and music strains, the march
of triumph swells :

'Tis England's Queen—her country's pride—
who rests upon her throne,*

Surrounded by her people's love—secure in that
alone.

Oh ! contrasts strange, these epochs four—the
fierce and cruel Swayne—

The Lion-King—the hapless Charles—and Eng-
land's darling Queen."

Altogether a very modest sweet little vol-
ume. We envy our stay-maker the intense
and innocent pleasure these musings must
have afforded. May he have for many
years such, only still higher and happier.

* Her Majesty visited Northampton, 1844.

SUBSTITUTES FOR INDIGO.—Owing to the
scarcity and high prices of indigo, and the great
demand for it for dyeing blue woollen cloth and
flannel, some of the dyers are buying up carrot-
tops and using them for dyeing blue. These
are said to yield a species of indigo the same as
wood, and they are used in what is called the
"pastel vat." The color obtained from them
is as durable as indigo, but a great quantity is
required to yield a small amount of coloring
matter. What is required is for chemists to
discover a means of obtaining a fast blue color
from coal or petroleum oils, and when we re-
member that aniline was first obtained from in-
digo, and the extraordinary prolificness in color-
ing matters which the former body enjoys, it
does not seem improbable that we may some

day be able to convert aniline back again into
indigo.

HINT TO SPORTSMEN.—It is often a subject
of remark that the left barrel of a gun bursts so
much more frequently than the right, while, as
is well known, the right-hand barrel is the most
used. This bursting may be prevented by ram-
ming down the charge in the left barrel every
time the right is fired, as when the right is used
several times in succession, the wadding in the
left is separated from the charge and a vacuum
ensues between them, which, on firing the sec-
ond barrel, frequently causes an explosion.

From St. James' Magazine.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I AM an old man ; yet it only seems a very short time since I climbed the tall poplar-tree that grew before the Vicarage, in search of the starling's nest. I can fancy I hear the shout that greeted my descent with the long-coveted prize, and feel again the crimson mounting to my cheeks as it did when, turning to the Vicarage, I saw an expression of pain on the pale face of my father, as he stood at the Study window.

It seems to me but yesterday since I stood in the centre of that group of lads, and now—

"They are all gone, the old familiar faces."

Dick, the surgeon's son, died many years ago in India. Harry Vernon, the bravest of them all, was slain on the field of Waterloo ; and when the village bells rang for the victory, the rudest fellow in the village was touched as he passed the Grange and saw the blinds down, and knew of the breaking heart of old Widow Vernon.

It was a sad day for us at the Vicarage, especially for Emily. My father stayed in his Library all day ; though I do not think he read a page in any of his books—even in his favorites, Sophocles and Horace.

Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all the day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—her dark, deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting-place ; her golden hair—(I have still a thick lock of it amongst an old man's memorials of other days, "the days of auld lang syne")—hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were suffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sunk almost into a whisper. As I looked at her, her startling beauty reminded me of the language of the Book my mother used to read to her as she lay on the couch in the drawing-room. Her "face was as the face of an angel."

Ah, me ! how I am wandering from the circumstance I sat down to write about ; but you must forgive an old man, for whenever I think of Emily it is always so. Let me see—yes, I remember perfectly.

It was Christmas Eve, in the year 1791, and the snow had been falling heavily all the day, blotting out the hedges and walls which surrounded the Vicarage, and burying the sun-dial that Willie and I had carved with great pains during the long winter evenings.

I had come from my father's Study, where I and Willie had been having our usual lesson in Latin. Willie was a high-spirited lad, of a very loving and affectionate disposition ; though, when excited or in a passion, his temper was fearful to behold, and his eyes flashed with a strange light that made us all tremble, except my father. It was some time before my father came down ; but when he did, we heard him lock the Study door after him, and he came down alone. He looked very stern and angry : he was in one of those moods which sometimes took possession of him when he was disturbed. Though my father was always silent when in these moods, yet I always thought there was a vivid resemblance between them and Willie's outbreaks of passion.

"Willie will not come down to-night," said he ; "I have left him in the Study with a lesson that will keep him all night."

I thought I saw a tear start from my mother's eye, as she turned her face to the window and looked out upon the snow, which still continued to fall heavily.

It was the anniversary of Emily's birthday, and we were expecting a party of young friends (children of the neighboring gentry) to pass the evening at the Vicarage.

It began to grow dark about four o'clock, and then our company began to arrive. There were, first, the children of Squire Harcourt, who came wrapped in soft furs and shawls in the old-fashioned cozy family carriage, with its couple of docile grays. Then came Harry Vernon, and his sisters, Emily and Agnes ; and, as the time wore on, about a score of young people were assembled at the Vicarage. It was a merry party. My father, whom it would be an injustice to represent as an unkind man, threw himself into the spirit of our merriment as though he had been one of us. The furniture, excepting the old-fashioned piano, had been removed from the drawing-room, and it and the sitting-room had, by the removal of a partition, been thrown into one, making a large and commodious room, which

had been plentifully hung with holly and other evergreens. The red berries gleamed like tiny masses of fire beneath the dark green glossy leaves, and here and there my sister's hands had gracefully arranged bunches of many-colored ribbons.

Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children when they were told that Willie, the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on—except from one gentle, loving spirit.

I knew that my mother was thinking of the dear boy in the room above us, for Willie was my mother's favorite. She was thinking of a handsome face pressed against the door, and of a tiny ear close to the key-hole, listening to the voices of the merry groups below. She knew these sounds would be exquisite torture to the prisoner. She knew how that quick, eager spirit would fret in the Study above like a wild bird in a cage.

Sometimes I saw her whisper to my father, —and then his face grew hard and dark, and my mother's yet more sad and pained.

My sister played, with exceeding grace, some simple airs upon the old piano; and then—the boys choosing their partners from the graceful little maidens who stood with eager, blushing faces and beseeching eyes beneath the holly in a corner of the room—the dance began. Whilst this was going on, I saw my father put something into my mother's hand. It was the Study key. With a grateful smile—oh, how sweet that smile was!—she left the room. I stole after her to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned staircase; I saw her glide swiftly up the stairs; and I could hear when she unlocked the door,—and when she opened it to pass in, the moonlight streamed brightly through the doorway on to the dark landing, and as its light fell on the face of the old clock which stood there, I saw it wanted but a few minutes of ten o'clock.

I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs when I heard my mother cry "Willie!" Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, and rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children,

went straight up to him, and crying, "Willie's gone! oh, Willie, Willie, darling!" fell fainting at his feet.

My sister immediately left the piano, and with the aid of some cold water, my mother was restored very soon. Of course, this put an end to the festivities, and the children were soon on their way home, except Harry Vernon, who stayed to assist in the search for Willie. Afterwards my mother told us, that as she was endeavoring to amuse a group of the younger children, she heard Willie's voice distinctly calling "Mamma! mamma!" She instantly got the key, as I have before related, and went up to the Study. As soon as she opened the door she felt the window was open, by the rushing of the cold, frosty air past her. The instant she entered the room, she felt a tremor seize her. Why did not Willie spring to meet her? She felt in a moment that Willie was not there! The Study lamp was flickering out; there stood my father's easy-chair opposite a table on which lay his books and manuscripts, and amongst them poor Willie's soiled and hated Latin Grammar.

He must have climbed down the side of the old house, by the aid of the ivy-stems, which grew up to the pinnacles of the gables, on to the top of the antique portico, and from thence have leaped to the ground. Willie, agile as a squirrel, could easily have accomplished this.

In a few moments from the discovery of Willie's absence we—that is, my mother and father, Harry and myself, and two servants, one of them old Walter, who passionately loved Willie—were out in search of the missing one.

The snow was still falling heavily, but by the light of the moon, which was at full, we could see almost as distinctly as by daylight.

Strange to say, my mother went instinctively towards a deep pool of water, beneath the orchard wall, called by the villagers the Black Pool—so called because of its depth. Near it, and overshadowing it, grew an old gnarled thorn-bush, which, after many winters' frosts and snows, still preserved its vitality. It was a pleasant place in summer; the broad, fanlike ferns, with their beautiful serrated leaves, loved to grow there, and in that old thorn, a summer or two before, a nightingale and made its haunt, and sung

through the long star-lit nights, and Willie and I had lain awake for hours listening to it.

I never, even now, hear the song of the nightingale without thinking of my darling brother and the chamber in which we slept. The villagers said it was haunted by something more than the nightingale; but that I never positively knew.

Well; I saw my mother bend down close to the water a moment, and then suddenly turn and pick something up from the ground at the foot of the thorn. She held it out a moment in the moonlight, and then gave a wild cry of pain. It was a little handkerchief of Willie's, edged with a particular kind of lace which she had put on herself. The water was still and rippleless—save a slight tremor, which might be caused by the breeze—and reflected the quiet stars in its dark face.

My father, who was a good swimmer and a stranger to fear, quietly took off his coat, and in a moment was down at the bottom of the pool. I shall never forget the expression of anxiety on my mother's face, as she bent forward over the pool. Her large dark eyes had something awful in the intensity of their gaze; her thin white hands were clasped convulsively upon her bosom; her lips were drawn tightly across her small white teeth, and we could hear her breathe as though she had been running rapidly.

It seemed an age before my father reappeared; but when he did, it was with Willie's pale, handsome face, looking more beautiful than ever, lying on his shoulder, and his long dark hair, which it always seemed a shame to cut, falling over his arm! I think I hear my mother's wild, despairing cry now, at the distance of seventy years. I have heard it at night in my quiet study; I have heard it on board ship, when the storm-winds have thrown us like a feather amongst the frothing waves; I have heard it in old continental cathedrals, above the voices of the choir, the music of the organ, and the ringing and clashing of the bells.

Hush! I thought I heard it then! My father carried Willie home, and old Walter and the other servant assisted my mother. Willie was instantly got to bed, and the ordinary means used for his restoration, whilst old Walter was sent off on the brown mare to the doctor's. We heard the dull, heavy sound of her hoofs upon the snow, as she

went off at a swift pace down the carriage-drive. In a short time she came back, bringing the doctor.

My mother was bending over Willie, and nervously swaying herself backwards and forwards, when he came in; but she rose immediately, and with wide, flashing eyes, exclaimed,—

“O! doctor, save my boy! O, Willie! Willie, darling! Speak to me, my child!”

I never read David's thrilling lament, “O, Absalom! my son, Absalom!” without thinking of my mother's great agony in Willie's chamber. The doctor was a remarkably skilful man; but it seemed a hopeless case. How my mother's eager eyes followed all his movements!

At last, when we were just despairing, Willie gently opened his eyes—those magnificent eyes of his! There was unspeakable ecstasy on my mother's face, the like of which I have never seen since, and never expect to see again. It was coming light when the doctor left us, and Willie was in a refreshing sleep.

The many-colored rainbow of hope now hung over the Vicarage, alas! soon to fade away, leaving us but the cold rain and dark clouds of a great sorrow.

After an hour or two of sleep, Willie awoke and told my mother how he heard the shouts and laughter of the children in the drawing-room, and how the music seemed to taunt him; and then, how he became afraid, and dared not look where the shadows lay in the library; and how, as he watched the moon rise through the poplars before the window, he was tempted to climb down by the ivy-stems; and how he had wandered to the Black Pool, and had been tempted to spring across it to get a bunch of crimson berries that hung from a branch on the other side, thinking he would give them her; and how he had missed his footing and fallen backward into the pond. Then he told her how he rose to the surface,—and how he was falling into a sweet and pleasant slumber at the bottom with thoughts of her passing dreamlike through his mind,—and how he felt some hand touch him, and an exquisite sensation of pain as if he were dying,—and that was all he knew. How my mother wept and smiled, and clasped him to her bosom, and called him her darling Willie! I need not tell you now how my poor father

kissed him, and asked—ay, he, the stern disciplinarian, asked—pardon of his own child. Willie, fatigued with his long talk, fell asleep again; but it was a troubled, broken slumber. His cheeks grew crimson, and his breath quick and hot, and he trembled as though he were very cold.

The doctor came again,—but this time he shook his head, and said there was no chance for him. My mother and father watched him night and day; but he grew worse and worse. Now he would talk of the wild bee's nest he had found a few days ago in a bank in the wood,—then he would shout, as if at

play; and then, whilst my father covered his face with his hands and the big tears trickled through his fingers in an agony of grief, he would try to repeat his Latin, and failing to do so correctly, he would begin again, saying in beseeching tones, "O papa, forgive me! I cannot!"

Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his head with its splendid dark locks on her bosom, and his little hand lay in my father's trembling palm.

SAVING THE OCTOROON.

UPOX the couch she lies so pale—

'Tis but a graceful swoon;

What? Poison?—nay—'tis sure a tale,

He'll never thus our hearts assail,

And kill the *Octoroon*!

Say, Boucicault, that she survives!

Grant us this public boon;

If cats are blessed with ninefold lives,

Give two to her, this pearl of wives,

Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

There still is time: that negress might

By the uncertain moon,

A phial give, which though to sight

The same, would op'rate different quite,

Nor kill the *Octoroon*!

McClosky fall'n by Indian blow,

(Or to fall very soon)

Cannot appear to bid her go,

Then why that fact not let her know,

And save the *Octoroon*.

True *Peyton* has another flame,

Is somewhat of a spoon;

But give him up Miss What's-your-name,

You must admit 'twould be a shame

To kill the *Octoroon*.

So say I, and the public voice

Sings to the self-same tune,

It's not as if you had no choice—

Why break the hearts you can rejoice?

Why kill the *Octoroon*?

Don't tell us that the thing must be,

You're far too cute a coon;

To be so reg'lar up a tree,

You can't find a catastrophe

That saves the *Octoroon*.

Of law supreme, fate, and such rot,

Preach on from this to June;

I say—necessity or not—

Poor *Zoe* must not go to pot—

Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

What if your logic comes to grief,

When thus your play you prune?

I still insist on the relief,

Both to my nerves and handkerchief—

Don't kill the *Octoroon*!

Untruth to manners I'll admit,

Though clear as sun at noon;

"Anything else we'll stand or sit,

But this," cry boxes, gallery, pit,

"Don't kill the *Octoroon*."

The author heard; he rubbed his chin;

"They'll call me a poltroon.

But, if her death the houses thin,

Perhaps 'tis time I should begin

To save the *Octoroon*.

"Tragic necessity, good-by—

And manners change your tune;

The public voice I'll ratify—

My pretty *Zoe* shall not die—

I'll save the *Octoroon*!"

'Tis said; 'tis done; and now the play

Goes blithe as songs of June:

Miss What's-her-name's put out o' the way,

Zoe weds *George*. Hip! hip! Hooray!

We've saved the *Octoroon*!

—Punch.

From The London Review, 21 Dec.
THE NATIONAL CALAMITY.

THERE is room for but one thought and one sorrow in the whole soul of England. The vast and yet unfathomable calamity which has come upon us absorbs all lesser anxieties. Wars and rumors of war pass almost unheeded in the presence of this engrossing bereavement. England has lately lost too many of her wisest and best counsellors. The grave has but just closed over Herbert and Graham; and now, at a moment when "our need was the sorest," we have lost, by an unlooked-for and incalculable disaster, one who could be less spared than either. It is hard to clothe in words what all too eloquently feel. Speech is the vehicle of common thoughts; but there are emotions which an expressive silence best portrays. Nevertheless, a journal could ill pretend to interpret public feeling which did not offer an humble tribute to the memory of him who has so well earned a nation's honor and a nation's grief.

And, moreover, the character and conduct of the Prince were of so rare and peculiar a quality, that to analyze and dwell on them is to each of us at once a grateful and an instructive study. The pages of history abound in examples of shining and heroic characters. In troubled times, and in the midst of exciting events, it is not difficult for men of spirit, energy, and genius to achieve great and memorable deeds. The events themselves contribute hardly less to the greatness of the man than the man to the magnitude of the events. But in days comparatively smooth, and by the unobserved performance of difficult yet unobtrusive duties to accomplish a great and worthy end, is a more laborious and painful task, and one which requires moral qualities of a high and rare order. It is to this sphere that Prince Albert was summoned, at an age when the characters of most men are yet unformed, and in which he performed his task with a conscientious patience and a disinterested ability which has earned for him the lasting gratitude of the country.

The reign of Queen Victoria has seen a change in the moral and political influence of the monarchy over the popular mind, of which few countries or ages offer a parallel. Let any one compare the state of public feeling now with that which existed some

thirty years ago, and they will easily see on what a different basis of security the monarchical institutions of the country repose, rooted as they are in the esteem and confidence of the nation. There have been days and there were, alas! too many—when the obstinate loyalty of the English people had much to forgive and much which it would fain have forgotten. The disaffected had too much against which they could rail, and the well-conditioned had too little defence which they could in sincerity allege. But now loyalty is a universal passion, which no envious voice dare gainsay, and of which the sternest votary need not be ashamed. The homage which we pay to the crown is a service which needs no traditional sentiments to enforce respect, and which requires no apology to extenuate short-comings in our chief. Here there is nothing to forgive—nothing to forget. On the throne the strictest worshipper of the Constitution may without flattery admire the perfect type of the headship of a free people. In the palace the strictest censor of domestic purity will find the completest pattern of an English home. To whom is due this great and salutary change? Unquestionably to the virtues of the Sovereign and her Consort we owe the widened and immovable basis of love, esteem, and admiration, on which the fabric of the throne has been, as it were, re-edified and renewed. Who can tell, amongst the temptations to pleasure, idleness, and vice, which beset the great, how much of courage and self-denial is needed for the constant and untiring accomplishment of the daily duties of the most responsible of stations? To live in the sight of all men, and yet so to live that no man can say that what ought to have been done has been left undone, or that that which has been done had been better not done; this is the sort of labor which is unostentatious and often unmarked, but which, in the end, bears a fruit worthy of the toil and the self-denial which it has called forth.

And here let us not shrink from performing an act of justice, though it partakes somewhat of the character of a late repentance, to the memory of this faithful servant of the country of his adoption. England has somewhat of ingratitude to lay at her own door; and if there is anything which could add to the bitterness of the national

regrets, it is the sense that the Prince in his lifetime did not receive altogether in a full and hearty measure, the popular recognition of those great services, the loss of which is now felt to be so irreparable. Seldom, alas! does it happen that a friend is torn from the side of those who have not occasion to reproach themselves with too imperfect an appreciation of him they have lost. Can the conscience of England altogether acquit itself in the case of the friend whom she mourns? It were idle and unavailing to seek now for explanation and excuses of a fact which cannot honestly be denied or usefully concealed. But it is neither right nor just that this consideration should altogether be passed over, for two reasons.

First, because it is well to take blame to ourselves for a fault which is not less culpable in a nation than in an individual; and it is no sign either of greatness or goodness to slur over an error, which ought rather to be confessed and atoned. And secondly, because the circumstance of the popular coldness which Prince Albert too long experienced, and of which it is well known he was poignantly sensible, brought out the true greatness and dignity of his character in its most striking light. Men of a less magnanimous temper, and with a sense of duty less firm and exalted, might have been provoked or depressed by an indifference which they felt to be unmerited. In the exhausting labors of public life, statesmen are sustained by the excitement of party, and cheered by the breath of popular applause. But Prince Albert, in the discharge of duties not less weighty, and a toil not less incessant, had no dreams of ambition to stimulate his energies—none of the sweets of fame to recreate his fatigue.

"The applause of listening senates to command,"

was not permitted to him in his lifetime.

"To read his history in a nation's eyes,"

has come to pass indeed at last—for those eyes are dimmed with tears; but for him it has come to pass all too late, when "honor's voice" can no longer "provoke the silent dust," nor "flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death." To him, in his lifetime, this coldness of ours was bitter, and to us it is, as it ought to be, a bitter reflection now. What would he not have given to have

known and to have felt for a single day, the glow of that gratitude and admiration of the nation which has burst forth, but burst forth only about his bier?

But it is in the fact that not being permitted to know and to feel this, he persisted manfully, cheerfully, and nobly in the path of his duty; that he accomplished the great task allotted to him without incitement and without reward; that he loved and labored for a people without stint, which repaid him with too niggardly a sympathy; in this we say, to those who view the lineaments of moral greatness aright, is to be found the heroic aspect of a really exalted character. In his conduct there was no peevish or undignified impatience. He was content to wait, and to work, and to abide the result of duty well fulfilled. The great Taskmaster has released him early from his toil, and the nation makes, if late, at least ample, amends, in accumulating upon his tomb a majestic monument of gratitude and grief.

But the sorrow for the dead is yet outweighed by the burden of sympathy for the living. If the soul of the nation is heavy for the Prince, its heart indeed bleeds for the Queen. Even the balm of solitude and rest, which is granted to the meanest of her afflicted subjects, is denied to the Queen of a great people. "The stricken deer" may hide itself in the thicket to assuage the deadly smart. But the noble and self-denying sense of duty, which is the conspicuous virtue of the Queen, has taught her to refuse herself even this, the most common consolation. Her first thought, as indeed it is known to have been the dying wish of her husband, was that in the midst of her affliction the interests of her people should not suffer. In the first hours of her widowhood the thoughts and the cares of the Queen have been chiefly for the nation. It is a terrible task which the providence of God has laid upon her. Marvellous and admirable is the meekness and courage with which she has accepted the lot in which she is cast.

No longer will she have at her call the tender care, the calm judgment, the cultivated intellect, the ripened experience, and impartial discrimination of him who shared at once her heart and her council. "*Je mourrai seul*," said Pascal, and it is an awful thought; but *je vivrai seul* is, perhaps,

a yet more overwhelming reflection. The Queen cannot want friends, indeed.

In the old days, "the King's friends" was the title of a political faction. But now the friends of the Queen are all her people. Still a great station, like the lofty mountain, is, by an insuperable law, inaccessible and bare. There was but one who could be really her friend, and that one is gone. The equal mind and the twin heart can never be replaced. Her task must be a heavy one, but she has a great heart to bear it, and the blessing of God shall be with her in the lot which he has apportioned. She will not fail in the reward which the Prince's virtues and her own have earned for the crown. What the love and the sympathy of the nation can accomplish to lighten the burden of a queen who sacrifices to it even the sacredness of her grief will not be wanting.

No picture that the pen of romance has ever drawn is half so touching as the natural sorrow, the simple courage, and the self-denying simplicity of the Queen's affliction. These are scenes which imprint themselves deeply on the mind and conscience of a nation, and of which the memory will long survive. In the first hours of her grief it may be that the spontaneous testimony of love, respect, and esteem to him who is gone, by the people he served so well, will be the most welcome balm to her stricken spirit. And to the last moments of her life she will be sustained by the gratitude and affection of a nation which cannot forget that it was to them and not to herself that she gave the first days of that dark and dreary time which, while it made her a widow, still left her a Queen.

From The Saturday Review, 21 Dec.
THE NATIONAL LOSS.

In the very crisis of a great national difficulty, while any moment may bring the tidings of unexpected peace or of necessary war, the thoughts of the whole community have suddenly been diverted into another channel, and a deep and universal sorrow has, for a time, overpowered resentment, anxiety, and eagerness for action. Common domestic grief goes deeper than the disappointments and solitudes which turn on public affairs, and imagination readily brings home to the sympathy of all the irre-

parable household loss endured by one to whom Englishmen stand almost in a personal relation. The simultaneous consciousness of any sentiment which pervades a multitude at the same moment, always intensifies its effect on each individual of the crowd; and, even if the public misfortune which has occurred had been in itself less serious, the feeling which it caused would have been multiplied and strengthened by the participation of the entire country. It is, however, superfluous to account by general reasons for the shock which was felt throughout England when it was known that the Prince Consort's short illness had ended in death. With one exception, it may be said that no life could so ill have been spared; for ministers and statesmen leave successors to fill their places, but it is impossible that the position of first and nearest adviser to the crown can again be so fitly occupied. When a temporary gleam of hope appeared a few hours before the fatal event, many persons probably reflected that the Prince, if he recovered, would enjoy a popularity which, in more than twenty years of public life, he had deserved more fully than he had acquired. The sudden perception of his value to the country would not have passed away with the occasion, and now it will be confirmed and perpetuated by experience. In this, as in a hundred preceding generations, worth is first appreciated when it is lost.

"Virtutem incolumem odimus;
Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi."

When Prince Albert arrived in England, little more than a boy in years, there lay before him innumerable opportunities of error and failure, counterbalanced by little facility for gratifying a vulgar ambition. If he had fallen into the common irregularities of princes—if, like Prince George of Denmark, he had been an insignificant appendage of the court—if he had resented or undervalued his ostensibly secondary position, or if he had sunk into a political partisan—in any of these cases he would have been a drag on the authority and influence which actually derived from his prudent devotion their most effective support. In pursuance of Lord Melbourne's wise counsels, the Royal Consort was, from the first, associated in all the duties and responsibilities of the crown. The long and prosperous

reign which has succeeded has, according to a frequent and just remark, not been disfigured by a single mistake. It is impracticable, as it would be unseemly, to inquire into the share which the prince may have personally taken in acts which were always performed with his privity and assistance. It is enough to know that one of the most accomplished men in Europe took part in the decisions of one who clung to him with attachment rarely equalled; and few will doubt that the proper sovereignty of the husband was reconciled with due and loyal deference to a higher worldly dignity. It is not an easy task to discharge, with general approval, the functions of a constitutional king, who must in public questions stand equally aloof from indifference and from partiality. The constitutional course of the Prince Consort was not rewarded by popular applause, and it was necessary that he should even court a certain comparative obscurity for the purpose of avoiding dangerous jealousies. A wiser, steadier, and less selfish career has seldom been accomplished.

Of those who approached Prince Albert personally, many were eminently qualified to judge of character and ability, and all of them agreed that the Prince would have risen to extraordinary eminence if he had been born in a private station. He was unusually familiar with several branches of science, and although literature has never been favored by an English court, he often paid graceful and significant compliments to conspicuous men of letters. The statesmen who were brought officially into contact with the Prince invariably acknowledged the extent of his knowledge and the soundness of his judgment. The most unfriendly critics of his conduct and demeanor were found among the duller members of the high aristocracy. It was, in fact, his chief defect that he never succeeded in attaining an easy and popular manner. He was accused of exaggerating the stiffness of German etiquette, and it is probable that he was always conscious of an embarrassing contrast between the real power which he exercised and his nominal position. The vulgar prejudice which occasionally found vent at his expense was provoked, not by his errors, but by the circumstances which he turned with admirable judgment to the best account. During the Crimean war,

the rabble, under the influence of some of their baser organs, suddenly burst into an uproar of abuse and suspicion against the Prince Consort. They said that, if not a traitor, he was at least a usurper, that he interfered in public affairs, and that he was even present at confidential interviews between the Queen and her ministers. The bubble was blown up by flatulent ignorance and malignity, and it curiously collapsed at a breath. In answer to a question, Lord Aberdeen stated in the House of Lords that the popular rumor was, by an extraordinary accident, literally true. The Prince really took a principal part in advising the crown; he was habitually present at discussions with the ministers; he exercised an undisputed influence; and it would be his duty to persevere in the same constitutional course. The propriety of the arrangement was manifest as soon as it was openly avowed, and the blatant multitude thenceforward acquiesced with perfect readiness in the confirmation of its own premature alarms.

There are many still alive who can recollect the burst of sorrow which was called forth by the death of Princess Charlotte. Her youth, her death in child-birth, her recent marriage, and even her father's unpopularity, appealed to the universal feelings of mankind as well as to the calculations of politicians and patriots. Prince Albert's death in mature years may perhaps be less touching, but the loss to the country is greater, and the grief which in one quarter it will occasion is incomparably more profound. He will perhaps be most regretted on his own account by those who are best qualified to appreciate his merits and services, but the nation at large will above all things feel the heavy affliction of the Queen. No sovereign of modern times has been the object of equal love and respect, and the loyalty to her person is as warm in the remotest corners of her dominions as in the imperial islands. On the Continent, her name is a symbol of honor and felicity, and in the United States of America she is regarded with enthusiasm, as the worthy chief of the whole English race. Thousands who know little of the Prince Consort's difficulties or deserts will feel, as if it were their own loss, the blight which has fallen on an ideally happy home. It will be the universal wish that the good sense and upright purpose

which have long been guided by faithful counsels may henceforward be able to stand alone. Although the place of the lost adviser cannot be supplied, a hopeful son is ready to take some share of the burden which has been borne by more experienced shoulders. The Prince of Wales is of the age at which his father became the chief assistant and supporter of the Queen. By taking such a part in public business as may become his years, he would be rendering the most effectual aid to the Sovereign, and he would at the same time, under the guidance of trained and experienced statesmen, be preparing himself for the great place which he must one day fill. It will be well if, in the discharge of a pious duty, he escapes the risks of idleness and frivolity which have too often beset the heirs of England. The popularity which naturally attends his birth and his youthful years will smooth for him many difficulties, and secure an immediate reward for his exertions. In the performance of his future duties he can propose to himself no nobler model than the grave, earnest, unselfish Prince who now lies lifeless at Windsor.

From The Saturday Review, 21 Dec.
THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE late Prince Consort was a foreigner, in a country where foreigners do not easily find their way to the heart of the people. He was a German, in a country where a traditional prejudice against Germans in high places has descended from the time when the Hanoverian dynasty were aliens, and hated by a powerful section of the nation; and when it was always suspected, and sometimes with justice, that the interests of England were sacrificed to those of Hanover in the conduct of affairs. He had been brought up at small German courts, the worst possible school of manners for one who was to make himself popular with the English; and, as his tomb needs no lying epitaph, it may be admitted that he had thus contracted a certain stiffness which, combined with a reserve which was the offspring of genuine, though misconstrued, modesty, somewhat detracted from the effect of his sterling virtues and accomplishments on the minds of those with whom he came in contact. Yet, with all these dis-

advantages, his death has been bewailed as a heavy domestic affliction in every family throughout the land. It has been felt to add gloom to the dark prospect of an almost civil war. The feelings which it has awakened have been compared, without exaggeration, to those which were awakened in English hearts by the loss of our own Princess Charlotte, the hope and darling of the nation. It is true that the national grief for the Prince Consort has been blended with and heightened by intense sorrow and anxiety for the Queen. But this, instead of diminishing, enhances the honor of the dead. The bright omens of the marriage-day have been well fulfilled, though the happiness of which that day was the commencement has been prematurely closed.

It should be known that we owe to this man not only the grief which a loyal nation feels at every loss nearly affecting the sovereign, or that which is excited by the premature termination of a life so full of vigor, hope, and promise. We owe him a real debt of gratitude for important service—service not the less valuable because it was unostentatious. Amidst the European convulsions of 1848, the universal remark was that our monarchy, among the rest, would have been in peril if George IV. had been upon the throne. It may not, perhaps, be literally true that even a George IV. could have overturned institutions essentially popular, and based on a state of society essentially sound; but certainly the perfect security and almost undisturbed tranquillity with which England passed through that crisis was due in great measure to the loyal affection with which even the least conservative portion of the people regarded a virtuous court. And the virtue of the court must be attributed in great measure to the excellent influence of a prince who had been raised to a position of the greatest and most besetting temptation, as well as of the most important trust, before he had reached the age of twenty-one. Those who remember what the highest society of England was at the commencement of the present reign, and who can recall the royal scandals which disgraced the preceding period, feel most deeply the happy change that has ensued. Divested, by the development of the Constitution, of most of its direct political power, the crown has retained immense social influence for good or evil. That this

influence has been exercised, during the last twenty years, purely for good, is the high eulogy of the Prince who has just descended to the grave. Nor was the effect confined to the English people. The moral example of our royal family was felt in other courts and other nations; and the outburst of affection with which the Prince of Wales was greeted on his visit to America was the homage of a people among whom, amidst all their errors and failings, domestic virtue has always been honored and cherished, to the type of domestic virtue presented by the family of our Queen.

In a political point of view, the part which Prince Albert was called upon to play was not the less difficult from being one not of action but of forbearance. He was, and could not but feel himself to be, a man of great talents and great political acquirements, fitted probably to contend with success for the prizes of ambition in an equal field. Yet he found himself, amidst a nation of aspiring minds and stirring contests, alone debarred from the pleasures of exertion and from the hope of distinction, and compelled to regard it as his highest praise to remain politically unknown. Immediately on becoming an Englishman, he made it his business to study the principles of the English Constitution in the best books, and with the best living assistance; and he had the good sense to draw from his studies the true, though to a powerful and energetic mind unwelcome, inference. Jealousy and suspicion watched him closely, but his behavior gave them nothing whereon to fix. At one time, indeed, a loud cry was raised, principally by an inferior part of the press, that the Prince Consort was unconstitutionally tampering with our diplomacy; but the ambassador whose functions were supposed to have been interfered with came forward at once with a complete denial, and the calumny was scattered to the winds. Statesmen feel that they have reason to look back upon the conduct of the Prince Consort with peculiar gratitude. The relations of the different powers in our Constitution, though generally well understood, are not so explicitly defined that the intercourse of parliamentary ministers with their sovereign is always free from embarrassment. Had Prince Albert been other than he was, that embarrassment might have been extreme. But

when his conduct was called in question on the occasion to which we have already alluded, it clearly appeared that the advisers of the crown felt his presence to be a great assistance, instead of an impediment, in the fulfilment of their delicate task. Of few courts can it be said that they are even tolerably free from intrigue; but of the English court, for the last twenty years, it may be said that it has been absolutely free. The "Bedchamber Plot" by which Lord Melbourne's Government were restored to a power which the nation had pronounced to be no longer theirs, took place before Prince Albert's arrival in this country; and never since that time has Constitutional Monarchy been lowered in the opinion of the nation by cabals or sinister influences.

Debarred from the sphere of political action, the Prince Consort did not sink into listless and frivolous indolence; nor did he satisfy himself with ruling the dull pomp and etiquette of a court. He found means still to give scope to his faculties, and to keep the man from being merged in the prince. Art and science found in him their most constant and most judicious patron; and not only their patron, but their hearty friend. For a rich man to lavish money is easy; but the Prince gave to the pursuits which he sincerely loved an aid which only high self-cultivation and real effort could have enabled him to give. He detected the inferiority of taste betrayed in English manufactures with the eye of a highly cultivated foreigner, and he set himself to remedy it with the zeal of an Englishman devoted to the honor of his country. No remedy can be more effectual than the display of the more tasteful productions of the Continent placed side by side with our own under the eye of the nation. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was the Prince Consort's work. He conceived it, and carried it out with quiet resolution in the face of great difficulties and almost universal discouragement—even the Duke of Wellington having, it is said, uttered ominous forebodings of failure and confusion. From that period may be traced that increasing and successful effort not to fall behind the manufacturers of other countries in taste, while we surpass them in energy, of which the Prince Consort must mainly reap the praise. The Kensington Museum attests the same beneficent activity,

which indeed made itself felt in every department of art and in some departments of science. In the person of the Prince Consort, intellect almost for the first time took its place near the English throne, and perhaps some of the Prince's unpopularity among the vulgar great is traceable to the preference which he showed to the claims of real merit over those of *grandeess*. The cordiality of his intercourse with those whose talents and accomplishments he valued was disclosed by the publication of Humboldt's Correspondence; and the betrayal of his confidence which that publication involved brought him much more credit than discredit in the eyes of right-minded men. His education had been as good as that of a prince, necessarily deprived of the advantage of equal competition with other minds, can be; and in the midst of a court he remained a student, zealously following the thoughts and discoveries of his age. To bring him forward as a candidate for the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge was not in all respects a judicious proceeding; but those who did it, at least offered their homage, not to a mere royal personage, but to a real man of letters. Nor did the Prince fail to throw himself into those pursuits which are more especially English. His model farm at Windsor shared his attention, though not equally, with museums and schools of design. He had yet another sphere of beneficent action. George IV. called himself the first gentleman of the age. Prince Albert proved himself the first gentleman of the age, not only by affording a high example of honor and manly virtue, but by taking a leading part in all those benevolent enterprises for the relief of misery, and for improving the lot and character of the people, which are the prosaic but solid substitutes for the visionary enterprises of knight-errantry in forming the character of a gentleman at the present day. To these undertakings the Prince lent not only the ornament of a royal name, but assistance and advice which would have been valuable if given by a private man. As a speaker at meetings of this kind, he had the opportunity of showing that he could clothe thoughts of real weight in well-chosen words, and that, had destiny suffered him to be a statesman,

his eloquence would not have been wanting to the part.

One duty, indeed, there was, intimately concerned with the political welfare of the State, which the Prince Consort was called upon to perform, and which he performed in a most exemplary manner. Though the other functions of royalty belonged to the Queen, it fell to him to preside over the education of the royal children, and especially of the heir to the throne. This he did, it may be truly said, with the solicitude of a father added to the solicitude of a prince. Nor have his anxious labors proved vain; for, so far as his children have come before the public, they have won golden opinions in all quarters. The Prince of Wales especially has hitherto fully answered to the wishes of the nation; and it may well be hoped that his character, which rose to the exigencies of a difficult part in his visit to America, will also rise to the level of the new duties to which he is now called. He is young; and his age alone may well plead for a lenient judgment on his conduct in this emergency. Nor wisely as his education has been carried on, is it possible that he can have received the training which other young men receive from the society and emulation of their equals. In this respect he is at a disadvantage compared with his father, who, though brought up as a member of a royal family, was brought up in a comparatively humble station, and without the dangerous prospect of a throne. His situation, required as he is to act under grave responsibility and with all eyes upon him, is one which calls for sympathy as much as for exhortation. On the other hand, he has the strongest motives to pursue the path of duty; while the father has just lost presents to him at once the highest example of an honorable life, and the surest pledge of its great reward. He may see that if it is hard amidst the temptations of a court to tread the steep and narrow path, perseverance leads to the highest of earthly prizes—an unbounded measure of affection, and the only royalty which is not uncrowned by death.

From The Press, 21 Dec.

ENGLAND IN MOURNING.

THE year grows full of shadows as it nears its close. Gloomy from its first hour, the shadows have deepened, and when on the very eve of one of the sternest trials and calamities that can befall a nation, a leader of the people, a pillar of the throne, has been snatched away. When girding ourselves for war, our hearts have suddenly and unexpectedly been smitten by a visit of death. Little did we think a week ago that ere night closed, the bell of St. Paul's would be sounding the death-peal for the Consort of our Queen. Three bulletins from Windsor Castle in quick succession, and all was over. The calamity was so sudden and unlooked for that the public were stupefied—reflection was paralyzed,—and without seeking to estimate the loss to themselves, all hearts turned in deepest sympathy to the widowed Queen. The grief of our beloved Sovereign is still the first thought in every heart. The nation does not yet stop fully to reckon the consequences of the sad calamity to itself; yet the unanimous voice of mourning for the Prince Consort already manifests the high place he had won in the hearts of our people, and foreshadows the more deliberate eulogium which will be passed on his career.

The nation already awakens to a consciousness that the Prince, who for more than twenty years had lived amongst us, was a representative man, and one to whom we have been but niggard of our praise. Death has already placed him in the past, and we begin more clearly to appreciate the noble and important part which he has played in our history. Confronted at first by the difficulties and jealousies which must ever beset a foreigner who becomes a part of the royalty of England, with that discretion and modest spirit which characterized him, the Prince for several years was content to live quietly and unassumingly within the shadow of the throne, fulfilling the duties of his exalted position with a rectitude and amiability that won for him the regard of a people distinguished by its respect for the domestic virtues. It was not till eight years of amiable conduct and irreproachable life had disarmed the national jealousy, and proved him worthy, in the estimation of all, to be the Consort and counsellor of our be-

loved Queen, that the Prince began to come forth before the country in his own individuality, and to play a part which promises to mark an era in our national life. In 1848, when every throne on the Continent was shaking or overthrown, the youthful Consort of the Queen of England stepped forth from his modest retirement to take a part in public affairs, and to show alike his willingness and his ability to be of service to the country of his adoption.

Prudently keeping aloof from party politics where no amount of statesman-like wisdom would have sufficed to avert popular jealousy and anger, the Prince struck out a new path of usefulness for himself, and one happily in which he was pre-eminently fitted to excel. It was the claims of philanthropy which first drew him from the privacy of the royal circle; but, widening his aim as he felt his footing sure, he soon came, quietly and unostentatiously, to affect our whole national life, and to occupy a foremost and altogether novel place in the affairs of the country. He became to us an apostle of Humanity,—a wise and benevolent patron of and agent in the work of social improvement and refinement,—a Minister of Civilization, originating and heading a widespread movement for elevating the tastes and advancing the industrial power of the people. He made for Beauty a home in England, by uniting it with the Useful. He became a patron of the Arts, in a wider sense than ever hitherto has been applicable to that honorable title. He encouraged not only those efforts of artistic genius which can be the delight only of a few; but he wedded Art to common Industry—thereby developing a new value in our manufactures, and spreading a taste for refinement not only among the humble purchasers of those fabrics, but amongst the still poorer classes by whom those fabrics are produced. Foreigners wonder, we ourselves are surprised, that the noblest temple of Beauty ever reared in the world should be found in utilitarian England, and that on the slopes of Sydenham should have arisen a crystal palace containing within its lofty, glittering, transparent walls a scene of beauty, the collected beauties of the world, more like the embodied dream of a poet than anything which we could expect to see. To Albert of Saxe-Coburg belongs the high merit of having

originated the ideas and movement out of which that temple sprang, and of which it is the noblest type and expression—Beauty resting upon the marvels of manufacturing skill,—the great wealth of England for the first time manifesting itself in a grand culture of Art, by an expenditure which has already amply repaid itself by the improvement it has produced in the general taste and in the art-qualities of our manufactures.

Cultivated and contemplative, studious and accomplished, Albert of Saxe-Coburg was the only prince of his day, or almost of any day, whose acquirements in science and philosophy were such as to merit the flattering honor of being chosen President of so distinguished a brotherhood as the Royal Society. It is said that he prized that honor more than any other. But sacrificing perhaps private tastes to public duty, he placed in abeyance the merely personal enjoyment of artistic and intellectual pursuits; and as he transmuted his tastes and talent for Art into a means of public and patriotic usefulness, so did he also with his attainments in the domain of Intellect. He was no longer the student of Bonn, but the foremost man in England. Therefore it was not the abstract speculations of philosophy, fascinating as those are, which engaged his thoughts, but knowledge and philosophy in their relations to national life and common humanity. It was not the science of the closet and the laboratory which occupied his leisure, but science in its application to the material interests of the community. If we admired his thoughtful and eloquent address to the Royal Society, we had still more reason to appreciate his ceaseless labors in behalf of Social Science. Model farms, model houses for the working classes, and philanthropic schemes and institutions occupied the leisure of a prince who nobly rose above the temptations to indolence and personal indulgence, and to whose amiable and benevolent nature Pleasure and Duty seemed to be synonymous terms.

Such was Prince Albert's place in the public life of England. He has not lived to reap his full reward. But the good which he has done will live after him. The schemes which he has set on foot, the grand movement for social elevation which he has originated will, we feel assured, be taken up by

the nation itself, and will become to future times the noblest monument to his memory.

But we have as yet done justice to but half the Prince's fame. As the husband and counsellor of our Queen, as the father and guide of the rising royal family of England, common consent points to him as a model prince. How much the young Queen who chose him for her husband owes to his judicious counsels we shall never fully know; but it is impossible to withhold from him a large share of the credit for the perfection of constitutional government, and the harmony which has so happily prevailed between sovereign and people, since Her Majesty ascended the throne. How much mischief a foreigner in his position might have done, even with the best intentions, is obvious,—but his discretion, so far above his years, saved us from it. How much misery to the crown, and injury to the country, would have flowed from vicious conduct and evil example in so high a position as his, need not be told,—for happily in his case we have had no experience of them. Therefore it is that the nation grieves so much for his loss, and grieves most of all for the bereavement which has befallen the Queen. He helped to bear the burden of royalty; he was ever by her side to share the cares of government, to support her with his counsels, to comfort her with his love. Reserved in action, unostentatious in spirit, he was nevertheless acknowledged to be the third statesman in Europe—if indeed he did not stand on a level with the other two—Leopold, Napoleon, Albert; and every Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs of late years will bear testimony how much they as well as the Queen have been aided by his calm, broad, and statesman-like views. A support to our Queen in the Cabinet, he was her all-in-all in the family. As husband and father he shared every care and responsibility in domestic affairs, and in the guidance and up-bringing of the large family with which Providence has blessed them.

And now that royal support and comforter is gone; and in a few brief hours more—ere the Christmas chimes of a saddened Christmas begin to peal—the royal vault will close over that noble-hearted prince, that accomplished, amiable, and benevolent man. That goodly Presence—the free, open

face and handsome figure—those graceful manners—that quiet look of high intelligence, and the benevolence which cared for all—are passed away, and his place shall know him no more. No more shall we meet him in the little Art-world of his creating at Kensington,—no more shall we see him opening great halls or presiding over societies devoted to the conjoint culture of Art, Industry, and Humanity. When the great World's Fair, the Exhibition of all Nations, opens a few months hence, the eye will seek in vain for him to whom the heart would fain pay its homage. And will not thousands then revert in memory to the time, eleven years before, when they beheld him standing in youthful prime beside his Royal Consort, commencing that career which death has now sanctified and which history will not fail to blazon? He needs no tears from any one. He has fallen in the heyday of life—without experiencing the sorrows of family bereavement or knowing the impression of decaying strength. His sun has gone down while it was day. And in that drear chamber in which he lay, in the room where the last two sovereigns of England breathed their last, with death consciously approaching, he could calmly say, "It is well!" Looking from his death-bed upon his children and their queenly mother, so soon to be deprived of his protecting care, he had the consolation to know that they were encircled and supported by the love and loyalty of all England,—that not upon his life, as upon that of a despotic ruler, depended the fate and fortunes of his family, but that, guarded by the loyalty of a united people, the stately machine of Government would still roll on, stable and secure, and the crown descend to children and grandchildren in unbroken line so long as they proved worthy of the high trust. He has left them that best inheritance, the example of a model life. In this solemn hour the nation breathes the prayer that the Son may prove worthy of his Sire, and that our widowed Queen may be sustained in her bereavement by that merciful Providence which never errs, and without which not a sparrow falls to the ground.

From The Economist, 21 Dec.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

So much has ere this been said upon the life and character of Prince Albert, that scarcely anything now remains except to join very simply and plainly in the regret and sympathy which have been everywhere expressed by all classes of the nation, the low as well as the high. A long narrative of a simple career would now be wholly needless, for our contemporaries have supplied many such, and any protracted eulogy would be unsuitable both to our business-like pages and to the simple character of him whom we have lost.

If our loss is not, as has been extravagantly said, the greatest which the English nation could have sustained, it is among the most irreparable. Our parliamentary Constitution in some sense renews itself or tends to do so. As one old statesman leaves the scene, a younger one comes forward in the vigor of hope and power to fill his place. When one great orator dies, another commonly succeeds him. The opportunity of the new aspirant is the departure of his predecessor; on every vacancy some new claimant—many claimants probably—strive with eager emulation to win it and to retain it. Every loss is in a brief period easily and fully repaired. Even, too, in the hereditary part of our Constitution most calamities are soon forgotten. One monarch dies, and another succeeds him. A new court, a new family, new hopes and new interests spring up and supersede those which have passed away. What was forgotten; what is seen. But now we have the old court without one of its mainstays and principal supports. The royal family of last week is still (and without change) the royal family of to-day; but the *father* of that family is removed. For such a loss there is not in this world any adequate resource or any complete compensation. In no rank of life can any one else be to a widow and children what the deceased husband and father would have been. In the court as in the cottage, such loss must not only be grief now, but perplexity, trouble, and perhaps mistake hereafter.

The present generation, at least the younger part of it, have lost the idea that the court is a serious matter. Everything for twenty years has seemed to go so easily and so

well, that it has seemed to go of itself. There is no such thing in this world. Everything requires anxiety and reflection and patience. And the function of the court, though we easily forget it when it is well performed, keeps itself much in our remembrance when it is ill performed. Old observers say that some of the half-revolutionary discontent in the times preceding the Reform Bill was attributable to the selfish apathy and decrepit profligacy of George the Fourth. The crown is of singular importance in a divided and contentious free state, because it is the *sole* object of attachment which is elevated above every contention and division. But to maintain that importance, it must create attachment. We know that the crown now does so fully; but we do not adequately bear in mind how much rectitude of intention, how much judgment in conduct, how much power of doing right, how much power of doing nothing, are requisite to excite the loyalty and to retain the confidence of a free people.

Some cynical observers have contrasted the unlimited encomiums of the last week with the "cold observance" and very measured popularity of Prince Albert during his life. They remember the public hisses of 1855, and perhaps recall many hints and whispers of politics that have passed away. But the most graphic of our contemporaries have found nothing to record of Prince Albert so truly characteristic as this change. His circumstances, and perhaps his character, forbade him to attempt the visible achievements and the showy displays which attract momentary popularity. Discretion is a quality seldom appreciated till it is lost, and it was discretion which Prince Albert eminently possessed.

allowed him no right, but that his disposition tempted him with no inclination. But the English journals, since his death, have given many evidences, new to the people, that the Consort was the chief adviser of the royal lady; that, standing in the shadow of the throne, he held a strong hand upon the Government; that, while keeping carefully aloof from partisanship, he held many checks and balances upon the ministers; that often the manifest mind of the Queen was only the secret mind of the Prince.

But, in view of the manner in which he exercised this influence, it was to his credit rather than discredit. For it cannot be doubted that he was a conscientious man, scrupulous of his conduct, not ambitious of power, well satisfied with a station which he well filled, and prudent enough to know that the only way to maintain it was by not seeking to exceed it.

The short-lived popular rumor raised against him during the Crimean War, of mingling too busily in the public business, was handsomely turned in his favor by Lord Aberdeen. The objection was, that the Prince was always present at the confidential interviews between the Queen and the ministers. The reply was, that the popular rumor was literally true; that he was not only present, but that his presence was felt to be a help, not a hindrance; and that it would be difficult to supply the place of an adviser who held the Queen's interests so near at heart, while at the same time, from the peculiarity of his position, he could not be personally affected by the fortunes or misfortunes of any rising or falling party in the state.

We observe that the *London Critic*, taking this same view of the Prince's political behavior, has a singular story of his falling out with Lord Palmerston, which we here quote:—

"In order that those of the University of Cambridge may know what they contemplate doing when they talk of elevating the present Premier (Lord Palmerston) to the Chancellorship of the University, we will recall to mind one or two simple historical facts, not very remote from this time. About the year 1851, and during the years in which the war with Russia came about, the public was agitated through the press about the interference of the Prince Consort with foreign politics. The plaintiff in that matter was

From The Independent, 9 Jan.

THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT.

SINCE the death of Prince Albert, which we announced a fortnight ago, the English journals have borne testimony, with singular unanimity, to the great services rendered by the Prince to the Queen in the conduct of public affairs. A common impression existed in this country, and to a great extent in England, that the Prince took no part in politics; that not only his position

Lord Palmerston, who complained that he never could see the wife without the husband being present. *In 1854 that noble lord was charged by the Queen with sending despatches to foreign powers without her royal sanction—in other words, with having usurped the office of the crown.* In consequence of that, Lord Palmerston was dismissed the Foreign Secretaryship, and this (as was generally understood at the time) was through the direct personal influence and advice of the late Prince Consort.

"The revenge which the noble lord took upon that occasion was peculiar and characteristic; he cultivated the personal acquaintance of the editors of some so-called 'liberal' journals, and persuaded those gentlemen to 'write down' the Prince, denouncing him as an enemy of England, and a supporter of what were then called 'German interests'—as if anything could be to the interest of Germany which was not also really to the interest of England. The unthinking people took up the cry, and the Prince was actually hooted in the streets of London. The journals which seven years ago did this to the Prince are now among the loudest and most pretentious of the mourners. So short are human memories."

The Chancellorship of the University, mentioned above, is an honor which was held by the late Prince. Among the candidates for the succession are his son the

Prince of Wales, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Devonshire, and others. To judge from various indications manifest in the English journals, the choice is likely to be a test-question between the party of the late Prince and the party of the Premier. In late years, no love has been lost between these two distinguished gentlemen. The same journal gives a very decided expression of the Prince's views—and possibly the Queen's—concerning the British difficulties with this country. We quote:

"We have reason to believe that, up to the time of his death, the Prince Consort raised his voice energetically against the haste with which England is rushing into a war with the United States—an event which he denounced as subversive of her interests, dangerous to the real sources of her power, and certain to be advantageous only to the despotic powers of Europe. Whether that view was right or wrong, such, we believe, was the faith in which the Prince Consort died."

If this be a true statement of the opinions of a man who now, after his death, is seen to have exercised so great an influence on the public affairs of Great Britain, we cannot but regard his death as not only an English but American misfortune.

From The Press, 28 Dec.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE solemn ceremonial which turned all eyes to Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel on Monday morning was carried out strictly according to the programme which had previously been published. In all the forms that were observed, the funeral was, in as far as the funeral of so illustrious a personage as the late Prince Consort could be, a private one. There was no funeral car, no streets lined with troops, no heralds to proclaim in the highway the titles and qualities of the dead, no solemn salvos of artillery to give enhanced solemnity to the event. But, in as far as the feelings of the people were concerned, it was a public burial in the best sense of the word. The procession at ten minutes to twelve o'clock proceeded from the castle at a slow pace to St. George's Chapel, where the Prince of Wales and other

royal personages assembled to await its arrival. Before the procession entered the nave, some two or three minutes were consumed in marshalling it, and during this time the chief mourners remained at the head of the coffin, motionless. The Prince of Wales bore up with great fortitude, and though he, like all the rest, at times gave way to irrepressible bursts of tears, he evidently tried to the utmost to restrain his feelings, though it could be seen sometimes from the working of his countenance that the effort was too violent for long endurance.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who was devotedly attached to the deceased Prince, to whom he bears a strong resemblance, was deeply moved and wept incessantly throughout the ceremony. The Crown Prince of Prussia, too, was equally affected. Poor lit-

the Prince Arthur's grief was enough to move the sternest. He, of course, made no attempt to check or hide his feelings. His eyes were red and swollen, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he entered the chapel. As they stood at the head of their father's coffin, the Prince of Wales turned and spoke, apparently, a few soothing words, for after this Prince Arthur, for a minute or so, seemed to bear up better. It was not until the procession began to move forward, and the long melancholy wail of the dirge went echoing through the building, that all the little fellow's fortitude gave way, and, hiding his face in his handkerchief, he sobbed as if his very heart was breaking. As the procession advanced the commencement of the Burial Service, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," was sung by the full choir to the music of Dr. Croft. At the conclusion of the first portion, the bier had crept slowly down to the western extremity of the church, where it was gently moved up the incline to the platform up the nave. At the nave was commenced the passage, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," still sung to Croft's melancholy dirgelike music, so touching, so inexpressibly mournful in its long, soft cadences. All the servants of the late Prince stood in the nave as the bier passed, all seemed deeply moved, and the grief of many was quite audible. With the concluding words of the passage, "We brought nothing into this world," the bier was moved up very slowly, its gorgeous pall concealing the bearers, who slowly wheeled it forward with a stiff, creeping motion, into the choir. It was nearly twenty minutes before the cloth-covered platform over the entrance to the royal vault was reached. Those walking at the feet of the corpse filed off to the right and left as the bier neared the communion rails, and was slowly placed, amid solemn silence, on the spot whence it was to be lowered out of sight forever. The pall-bearers took their stand near low crape-covered stools on either side of the coffin. Viscount Sydney, as Lord Chamberlain, stood at the foot of the bier, with Lord Castlerosse, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, and Mr. Marsh. Garter King-at-Arms stood on the right. The Prince of Wales, with the Prince Arthur and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, remained standing at the head of the coffin, and the other mourners in the order in which they had entered the

choir. By the time these arrangements were completed the chant of the 39th Psalm, "I said I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue," had concluded, and as the last faint tones of the music died away the platform on which the bier stood was slowly lowered till the coffin itself was level with the floor. The pall was then disposed around it equally on all sides, so as to cover all the opening leading to the depth below, and the Crown and Feld-Marshal's insignia were placed at the head and feet.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, then advanced to the communion rails and in a faltering voice, at some times almost inaudible, read the lesson, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." Once or twice during this solemn portion of the service, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and Duke of Saxe-Coburg, were totally unable to restrain their tears, in which they were silently joined by nearly all present in the choir. At the end of the lesson the choir sang the German chorale, "I shall not in the grave remain." This hymn, like the chorale which followed it at a later portion of the service, were favorite chants with the late Prince Consort, by whom it is said their music was composed. It is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely touching than the cadence to the lines,—

"So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,"

which was chanted by the choir in whispered tones that seemed to moan through the building with a plaintive solemnity as deep in its sorrow as the notes of the "Dead March." A rough translation from the German gives the words of this mournful hymn as follows:—

"I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed;
By hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered.
I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,
Live with Thee, from Thee never part;
Therefore to die is rapture.

And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss—leads on
To Heaven, to life eternal!"

Again the Dean resumed the service in a strained and broken voice—for all in the chapel now made no attempt to conceal their emotion—with the sublime passage, "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." Then was sung, with exquisite pathos, by Mr. Tolley, Martin Luther's hymn, "Great God, what do I see and hear."

As the last strains of this solemn chant ended the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness advanced and slowly removed the heavy pall, leaving the coffin in all its mournful gorgeousness uncovered. As this was done, Earl Spencer, Groom of the Stole to the deceased Prince, placed on the head above the inscription plate the crown of a Prince Consort. At the same time Lord George Lennox, Lord of the Bed-chamber, laid the baton of the late Prince as Field-Marshal, crossed with the sword, and surmounted with the Field-Marshal's hat and plume, on the foot of the coffin, above the insignia of the Garter. All these memorials were fastened to the heavy black velvet cushions on which they were laid. Thus left alone in the midst of the wide expanse of black, the melancholy gorgeousness of the crimson coffin stood out the one conspicuous centre in startling contrast, almost the only solitary object in all the chapel which was not covered with black and draped in solemn mourning. As this last ceremonial ended the attendants retired from the grave, and there was a silent pause, during which, as the wind mourned hoarsely against the casements, the quick, sharp rattle of the troops outside reversing arms was plainly audible. Then came the muffled toll of the bell, the boom of the minute guns, and the coffin slowly and at first almost imperceptibly began to sink into the grave.

There was more than mourning at this most solemn time. The princes hid their faces and sobbed deeply. All, not only in the royal train, but in the chapel, allowed their tears to flow almost unchecked, and some, such as the Crown Prince of Prussia and the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness, among the pall-bearers seemed not less deeply moved for a time than the royal orphans themselves. Still, the coffin continued to sink. It is but a few short months ago since the late Prince stood at the head of the same sombre opening and

wept as the remains of the Duchess of Kent were in the same manner lowered slowly to the royal mausoleum. The ceremony then was gloomy, and mournful enough, though, after all, it was but the burial of a member of the royal family long retired from public life, full of years and honors, and one who had already passed the term allotted to mankind. But here, with the Prince Consort, the husband of our Queen, a young man in the pride of life and usefulness, of health and strength and manly beauty, the loss seemed more than could even then be realized; and it was difficult—it seemed almost impossible, to believe that the coffin then so slowly creeping down the wide black groove held all that was mortal of Prince Albert. It was a solemn period, and a most trying one for the mourners, whose half-stifled sighs were audible from all parts of the choir, as with the faintest and slowest motion the coffin still continued sinking. The silence within the chapel was intense: every movement among those present could be distinctly heard; the wind moaning round the building sounded with a hoarse rush, which now and then was almost noise, and the muffled knells from all the spires of Windsor seemed booming above the royal grave itself. Slowly fading from the sight the coffin gradually became level with the floor, then sank deeper and deeper, casting almost a glow of color from its deep crimson sides upon the cloth-lined walls of the grave, till it was lost to view forever.

As the last trace of its gold and crimson crown disappeared the service was continued amid the deepest grief, with the passage, "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed." At the proper interval the earth was thrown upon the coffin, and fell upon its ornaments and plate with a sharp rattle that was heard throughout the building. Then was sung by the choir, "I heard a voice from Heaven," to Croft's plaintive music; and after the reading of the prayer, "Almighty God, with whom do live," was chanted an English translation of another of the late Prince's favorite chorales, as follows:—

"To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.

In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content,—for Thou art ever nigh.”

The collect concluded the service, and Garter King-at-Arms, advancing to the head of the grave, proclaimed the style and titles of the deceased Prince, saying:—

“Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life to His Divine mercy the Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Illustrious Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the most dear Consort of Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, etc., whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and honor.”

This formal proclamation has hitherto always concluded with the words, “Whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and happiness.” But on this occasion, for the first time during Her Majesty’s reign, the prayer for happiness was left out, and only that for “life and honor” offered. The

change is mournfully significant, though the words we have quoted were in fact not spoken; for with the first mention of the Queen’s name Sir Charles Young’s voice faltered, and the concluding sentence of the mournful prayer, if uttered, was quite inaudible. Then Dr. Elvey, who presided at the organ, began the solemn strains, of the “Dead March” in *Saul*, as the mourners advanced to take a last look into the deep grave. The Prince of Wales advanced first, and stood for one brief moment, with hands clasped, looking down; then all his fortitude seemed suddenly to desert him, and bursting into a flood of tears he hid his face, and, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain, slowly left the chapel. Of the two, Prince Arthur seemed the more composed at the end of the ceremony, as if his unrestrained grief had worn itself out. All the mourners and those invited to the ceremony advanced in turn to take a farewell glance at the coffin, and not one looked down into the deep, black aperture unmoved—none quitted the chapel without traces of deep and heartfelt sorrow.

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by the open casement
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long, triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small;
But these might be, in their greatest height
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind Earth’s dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed—and were no more.

No more! Oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim,
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seemed to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember
That the palest, faintest one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

THOMAS BUCHANAN REID.

DR. TURNER.

DR. SAMUEL H. TURNER, whose death we mentioned last week, was born in Philadelphia, in 1790, of an old respectable family in that city. He graduated in the University of Pennsylvania, in 1809, and for awhile, if we are rightly informed, practised law. He soon afterwards, however, entered the ministry, where he became distinguished for his learning and piety. Shortly after the opening of the New York Theological Seminary, he was appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in that institution. This post he continued to occupy until the time of his death. In addition to this, Dr. Turner was Professor of the Hebrew language and literature in Columbia College, New York.

Dr. Turner was not only a learned philologist and scholar, but an exact and perspicuous writer. Four commentaries were contributed by him to our theological literature; the first, published in 1852, being on the Hebrews; the second, in 1854, on the Romans, and the third and fourth, published in 1856, on Ephesians and Galatians. These, in their peculiar binding of black and red, are now before us; and a cursory glance at their pages renews our conviction that although Dr. Turner's style was dry, and though he scrupulously shunned exegetical boldness, for sober, and at the same time enlightened, fidelity, he is equalled by no English commentator except Elliot.

In the measure of his condition, he was greatly in advance of the average in our American Communion. He was not only well versed in the old-fashioned English commentaries, but he appears to have diligently searched both the German and Dutch theological literature.

Thus, in his Galatians, he largely relies on the treatise of Borger, which we believe has never been translated from the Dutch; and in his Hebrews, we find him combating De Wette, and drawing in the aid of Olshausen and Stier. It is true he does not push his researches into recent days. The scepticism of the Tübingen school he does not touch; nor do we find him appealing to that acutest of recent critics, Meyer.

But for the training of the ordinary American scholar, Dr. Turner produced just what was wanted, and did this all the better, from the fact that he produced nothing more.

In theology, Dr. Turner had one leading tenet to which all else was made subordinate. This was a piacular atonement by Christ, removing the believer's sins by the sacrifice of the cross. Holding this doctrine in all its sublime simplicity, he rejected with great resolution the several themes of priestly mediation. He held, in respect to the Church, the views of Bishop White and of Stillingfleet; holding that there is no sacramental apostolic succession; that Episcopacy, though existing from the apostles' times, is the creature of the Church; and that neither in Church nor clergy is there any gift of authorized interpretation or sacerdotal power. These views brought him directly in conflict with his brethren of the seminary, and sometimes made his position very painful. But he continued, almost to his death, to occupy his chair, and to teach these views with the same fulness and boldness, holding that as he was originally elected as an evangelical Churchman, in an institution meant to be general, it was his duty to maintain his post to the last. There he lived, labored, and died; and with him will almost die the institution of which for so long he has been the ornament. It lingered along under great financial mismanagement, while he lingered; and now that he has gone to his honored grave, it will be dispersed, or sink into a New York Diocesan training-school.

In one point, Dr. Turner's theological views have been much misconceived. He has been cited as an Arminian of the old-fashioned establishmentarian school of Secker and Tillotson. But this is a mistake. His Arminianism was that of Fletcher, of Wilberforce, of Bishop Meade; and was separated by an impassable gulf from Pelagianism in all its shapes. He clung to the cross, as his great trust and comfort; and making the cross his own in life, God has now given him a crown of joy in heaven.—

Episcopal Recorder.

VESUVIUS.

A LETTER from Naples of the 21st instant, gives a highly interesting account of the spectacle presented by Vesuvius on the 18th:

"On Tuesday we had another eruption, equal in magnificence to any I have yet witnessed. It was beginning when I despatched my last letter; as, however, the day wore on it increased in power, and the same wonderful and beautiful effects which I have already described were again observable. At every shot that was fired by the mountain there rose a cloud of ashes in the form of a pine-tree, which filed off to the south as another shot was fired and another cloud arose. As the heavy-laden clouds escaped beyond the power which had expelled them, and as the aqueous vapor was condensed, we could see at intervals showers, nay, storms, of ashes falling like avalanches on land and sea, and still the black gorgeous masses rolled on towards Capri, obscuring the coast which lies opposite to Naples. Thunder and lightning, or the roaring of Vesuvius, and electric lights, were frequent incidents in this awful scene; the latter, shot up from the mouth of the crater to the summit of the dark cone, played about its involutions, and revelled, as it were, in the license of freedom—the daylight could not obscure its brilliancy. Towards sunset we marked that effect of color which is only to be seen in Southern latitudes, for then the mass of dark cloud which hung over Vesuvius and the entire bay was lit up with the most delicate roseate tints. Then came on gray eve and darker night, rendered still more so by the electric flashes which continued to dance above Vesuvius.

"On the next morning I went down to Torre again. Alas! it is a city on crutches; many cripples have fallen, and many are falling. Professor Palmieri, the great Vesuvian authority, confirms the report of the elevation of the soil, and 'hopes that the proprietors will not rebuild until the depression which may be expected has taken place.' Yet, with a fatuity which appears like madness, the people are with difficulty held back from returning to their perilous dwellings. It is the fact that General Della Marmora has been compelled to station soldiers there to prevent such folly. From all I can gather, the mountain was split from top to bottom, the fissure reaching far into the sea. In a few words I will show this. There are eleven craters above Torre del Greco, all emitting sulphurous vapors, and the largest is from seventy to eighty feet deep and one hundred feet wide. From this point on the 8th inst., after heavy rumblings and heaving of the surface, the ground was split open, and

fiery fissure was made almost to the outskirts of the city, through which the same unseen power passed, opening the streets and laying bare some parts of the former buried town, and then running into the sea. All this is evident to the eye. You see the fissures in all directions, and walk daintily at times lest you fall in, or lest some rickety building may come down.

"Yesterday the *Exmouth*, which went out to try its Armstrongs, returned by Torre del Greco, and made the circuit of a whirlpool, now formed, which must be about three hundred and sixty feet in diameter. It was boiling violently, and emitted a strong sulphurous odor. A boat thirty feet in length was let down and sent into the centre of the whirlpool, when it was turned rapidly round by the volcanic force beneath. The sounding gave twenty-three fathoms of water, and the plummet brought up sand and sulphur. From a part of the circumference a tail, so to call it, about sixty feet in width, runs away in the direction of Sorrento, and is of a beautiful light green color. All the water here was tepid, and had a strong sulphurous smell, and many fish have been destroyed. The precise elevation of the soil on which Torre stands is 1·12 metre, and I may observe that the gases which are emitted on land are stronger than those at sea, so much so that one man was killed on Wednesday, and several of my friends nearly fainted from pausing near them. It is unnecessary to say that the principal element developed is carbonic acid gas. On the part of the authorities the greatest energy still continues to be displayed for the relief of the late inhabitants, and I must particularly note the devoted sympathy which Torre dell' Annunziata has shown towards the poor fugitives, whose number I have not exaggerated.

"The official journal of Naples publishes the latest report of M. Palmieri, Director of the Observatory of that city, containing an account of the decline of the present eruption up to the 17th. He states that, although Mount Vesuvius has nearly subsided into its usual quiet state, yet a quantity of carbonic acid is still being evolved from the soil of Torre del Greco, leading to the belief that all the crevices opened there communicate with a vast subterranean receptacle of that gas, extending far under the sea, where numerous bubbles are seen to arise, and the death of a large number of fish has been remarked in consequence. This time the eruption has not been announced by the disappearance of water from the wells, but, on the contrary, by the opening of new springs strongly acidulated with carbonic acid, which has also tainted the water of several wells, which, at the same time, has risen to a higher

level in them. But the most singular phenomenon mentioned by M. Palmieri is, that the soil has risen nine-eighths of a metre above the level of the sea; and since this rising has taken place above the old lava of 1794, the latter has been broken and cracked in various directions, which has caused the fall of many edifices built upon it. The true cause of the receding of the sea, so often mentioned by authors, and not credited, as no cause could be assigned for it, is now fully explained; it is not the sea that recedes,

but the soil that rises. 'It now remains to be seen,' says M. Palmieri, 'whether this rising will go down again; and I would, therefore, recommend the landowners of Torre del Greco not to set about rebuilding their houses just yet.' The craters continue to emit sulphurous hydrochloric acid, and also a certain quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen. Among the sublimations may be mentioned a large amount of sulphur, the usual chlorides of iron, and a little specular iron ore."

From The Independent.*
NEW USES OF PRAYER-MEETINGS.

In *The Christian Intelligencer* of last week is given an incident of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting:—

"A gentleman said he belonged to the church of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and he wanted to present him and his church as a subject of prayer. He gave some reasons why he made the request. The response was made by a prayer, full of earnestness, by a Presbyterian minister, that the pastor and church might exemplify the gospel of Christ in doctrine and example, and be made to use their influence in saving souls. He prayed that the pastor might preach the preaching to which he had been consecrated, and set apart by the laying on of hands—knowing nothing in his doctrines and teachings but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The spirit of the prayer was one of great brotherly kindness and charity, and yet it was felt that there was good reason for earnest supplication that the high position and influence of this pastor and people might, in the highest sense, subserve the cause of truth and holiness."

The pastor of Plymouth Church thanks the brother who introduced this request, and the Presbyterian brother who uttered the supplications. He would esteem it a favor, if without prejudice to other persons in like need, the brethren of this admirable and honored meeting would again and often remember him. How much better is it to pray for men, than to criticize and find fault? If one's fears or suspicions of brethren were uttered only in the ears of God, would it not promote charity and harmony? And if by putting the fact in the newspapers, others shall be incited to add their petitions, we ought to waive the mere matter of taste for the sake of the greater spiritual advantage.

There are some things which can be better done by a prayer-meeting than by a synod. There is a sacred liberty in prayer not accorded to documents coldly penned. There are intimations, and devout fears, and vague suspicions, which, if formally stated to men would impose grave responsibilities. And it is a mercy to have one place where one can say whatever is in his heart without being called to account by men, and say it, too, benevolently. There is something discursive and uncertain in a speech. Somebody is apt to answer you. It opens the way to correct mistakes; and obliges

[* Readers will bear in mind that Mr. Beecher is Ed. of *The Independent* and pastor of Plymouth Ch.]

men to stick close to facts and the truth. There is no such liability in a forensic prayer. One can say what he pleases about brethren, and his prayer will not be answered. This is one of the difficulties that conscientious persons have always experienced—how to take off a man's head and not let him know it; how to give a man a deserved thrust without incurring risks; how to table charges against troublesome persons without having to defend them; how to set the Christian Church upon its guard against men without the imputation of slander.

The Fulton Street prayer-meeting is not the first to employ this not altogether new artillery. We have heard brethren set each other down in church prayer-meetings in the most edifying manner; nor could we conceive of any other way in which so many disagreeable duties could be so deftly performed, and under such judicious appearances. We have heard men moved to confess the sins of the church in such an inspired manner as must have made sundry consciences tingle. Not only was a quarrel avoided, but the exercise seemed blest to the awaking of a like spirit in several whom it concerned, and in this way the heavenly auditorium was made the repository of all the feuds of the brotherhood. This is one advantage which our churches have over the Episcopal. Precomposed and established forms render it difficult to reach many special cases. All that can be done is to *emphasize* certain words, and to *think* whom you mean by them. But this is only a limping liberty after all.

Might we not banish from conversation and letters and newspapers much personal matter, by removing it into the safer channels of a prayer-meeting? It is worthy of thought.

There are many men, besides the pastor of Plymouth Church, who need the kind sympathies of judicious Christians to enable them to "preach the preaching to which they have been consecrated;" there are many Christian agents of the Church, and committee-men, who need help to "preach the preaching," and do the doings, and publish the publications, to which, and not from which, they have been set apart. May they not share? Meanwhile, there are added reasons in our own case for renewed sympathy. Will not some reader of *The Independent*, wonted to those meetings, explain to the brethren the weight of those duties that rest upon an editor, and ask that we may be strengthened? To all our other onerous duties will now be added the weekly reading of *The Christian Intelligencer*. May we be wakeful and patient!

From The Spectator, 28 Dec.

M. THOUVENEL'S DESPATCH.

M. THOUVENEL's despatch to the American Government will not altogether please those who remember that under the modern system of Europe, every public act constitutes a precedent. It is, of course, *primâ facie* pleasant to find our conduct approved of by a sensitive and *exigeant* neighbor, and to be sure that we are not blinded by national pride and self-interest. It is also—at least to those who seek the honor of England, and not merely the humiliation of America—satisfactory to feel that an excuse has been offered which may fairly enable a self-glorious people to submit, without the sense of having yielded to menace. No man's pride is offended by yielding to the voice of a calm bystander, and even the Americans who have been fed upon praise as other men are fed upon pap, have never asserted their ability to face all Europe combined. The despatch, therefore, is at once soothing to England and favorable to ourselves, but its publication is none the less an unsatisfactory event. It is one step more, and a great one, towards that reference of all national questions to the decision of Europe which Napoleon so affects, and for which Europe is by no means yet prepared. The French Government is always wanting to call a congress to settle somebody's affairs, and only twelve months ago Earl Russell was compelled to place on record a grave protest against this tendency as applied to Syria.

This notion of submitting everything to collective Europe is the more dangerous, because it is the only practical mode of carrying out that notion of arbitration which is becoming so popular. No court or individual could enforce its award against a first-class power on any point which roused the popular passions, and a powerless court tribunal is always, sooner or later, a disregarded one. Europe *could*, if it chose, in most cases enforce its decrees; and it is for that reason that these incessant appeals to its vote are so exceedingly dangerous. There is something in the idea of collective civilization enforcing peace which fascinates the imagination, and leads men who are instinctively thirsty for an established order to forget that peace is not in itself an end. Its value depends entirely upon the sort of

peace secured. The world has never had such peace as it enjoyed during the reigns of the first twelve Cæsars—never had such free trade, such an universal direction of energy towards material progress and mental cultivation. The sway of the Flavian House secured all for which Manchester sighs, even down to direct taxation. But that is not the condition for which Europe is longing, or which statesmen ought to desire. Peace would be dearly purchased at the price of freedom, nor would free trade be a full compensation for the diversities of national life, and separate developments of civilization. This objection applies to any such central authority, but the case against any authority Europe could *now* establish is heavier still. The reference of all disputes to a congress, formal or informal, is really a reference to the Continent, and moreover to the courts of the Continent, and they are not yet fit to be trusted. We have not yet forgotten that the last great Congress formally passed a resolution which, had it possessed an executive force, would have restricted the liberty of the press, and any congress now collected would undoubtedly show a majority biased in favor of authority and against political freedom. It is very pleasant, of course, to hear that Europe has pronounced in our favor; but suppose the decision had been the other way: is the law of the seas to be settled by powers whose first interest is to cripple the British marine? Or, to illustrate the case more clearly; suppose, as may happen still, that the American Government endorsed Captain Wilkes in full, and claimed the right to seize Mason and Slidell simply as political criminals, and that this demand were referred to "Europe." Freedom would scarcely have a third of the votes. Austria has always denied the principle of the right of asylum. Prussia has not affirmed it. It is opposed to the object of the Assassination Bill, which the French colonels urged so violently, and to the fundamental ideas of the Russian monarchy. England, Italy, Belgium, and Holland would probably stand in the conclave opposed to the rest of Europe, and unable either to resist or to obey the decree. Resistance would be a breach of international law, while obedience would be prohibited by public feeling, which on this particular point is prepared for resistance to any conceivable exertion of force.

There are many such questions perpetually arising, upon which nations with free institutions, and nations governed either by Divine right or by Caesarism, cannot hope to agree, and on which any central body must either give a nugatory vote, or one which, so far from preventing war, would only extend its area. Yet it is to this result that despatches like this of M. Thouvenel inevitably tend. This time the system is employed to uphold a neutral right, but next time it may be directed against territorial independence—may, for example, decide that an infraction of the Canadian boundary is not a just cause of war. We may then be told that it is not necessary to obey the European verdict, but to justify the assertion we must not attach too much importance to that verdict now. The friendly opinions received from France and Austria may be acknowledged in the same spirit, but as an opposite vote would not have proved us wrong, so the approval does not prove us to be in the right.

But we may be told by many to whom peace seems always the dearest of blessings, "Although Europe is not yet ready, surely, any step towards an international tribunal must be beneficial." We are by no means satisfied that under any circumstances any such scheme could succeed for important questions. So long as each nation is independent, the decree of a congress is worthless unless supported by force, and whence is the force to come? The plan is tried in a way already among the Germanic States,

and has been comparatively useless. When Prussia and Austria are united they can utter their joint decision through the Diet, but a resolution against either of them would be practically inoperative. The Germanic States, it is true, remain at peace with each other, but their tranquillity arises from causes of cohesion other than the Diet—from a growing sense of national unity, and a deep-rooted idea of national danger. But the Diet will not prevent the King of Prussia from fighting the King of Denmark, also a German sovereign, nor could it for an hour stay Prussia from contesting by force the right of Hanover to the heritage of the Duchy of Brunswick just now in dispute. The Diet has, in fact, done nothing except to retard, by the unity which it nominally enforces, the independent development of each separate state, two of which, but for its interference would by this time be constitutional. There can be no better evidence of the prospects of a European Areopagus than the position of this Diet. It has all which the wildest dreamer could hope for the larger institution—popular favor, executive force, arms, money, and intellect, yet it can accomplish nothing without the consent of the very powers whose possible bickerings it was established to prevent. Its establishment has, it is true, increased the desire for unity, but that is to our minds another reason against any imitation. European unity means, we fear, the extinction of European life.

THE BLACKBIRD.—When a blackbird once learns a tune, he never forgets it nor any part of it. I once knew a bird that could whistle "Polly Hopkins" with wonderful accuracy. His owner sold him, at the same time making the purchaser acquainted with the bird's favorite tune. As soon as the gentleman got him home, he at once hung up the blackbird, and going to the piano, struck up "Polly Hopkins." The bird's new master, however, introduced parts into the tune that he had never heard before; so, after listening awhile, he began hissing, fluttering his wings, and otherwise signifying his distaste of the whole performance. Much surprised, the gentleman left off playing, and then the blackbird opened his throat, and favored his new master with his version of "Polly Hopkins," nor would he ever listen with any patience to any other version. This same blackbird, after staying in the service of the above-mentioned gen-

tleman for two years, was adopted by a serious family, where "Polly Hopkins" and all such profanity were sedulously avoided. Whenever poor "Joe"—the blackbird's name—attempted to strike up the old tune, a cloth was thrown over his cage, and he was silenced. The family consisted of an old lady and her two daughters, and every night, at seven o'clock, prayers were read, and the "Evening Hymn" sung; and Joe, who was an obedient bird, and anxious to conform to the habits of the house, speedily learned the tune, and regularly whistled it while the old lady and her daughters sang it. This went on for six or seven years, when the mother died, and the daughters separated, and Joe, now an aged blackbird, fell into new hands; but to his dying day he never gave up the "Evening Hymn." Punctually as the clock struck seven he tuned up, and went straight through with it with the gravity of a parish clerk.—*Beeton's Home Pets.*

From The Saturday Review.
THE ROMANCE OF A DULL LIFE.*

THIS is a novel standing somewhere between those of Miss Austen and those of Miss Brontë. It has affinities with each of the schools which they represent. The treatment of the central figure is a good deal after the manner of the latter authoress. Apart from this, there is a great deal of the same descriptive power, the same picturesque style which may be found in *Jane Eyre*. On the other hand, many of the minor characters are delineated in a way that reminds us of Miss Austen. They are not mere sketches thrown in by way of contrast, or as foils to the principals, in which light too many novelists are apt to regard them. They bear the mark of high finish; and when they talk or act, it is with a consistency which indicates so many complete conceptions. And, speaking generally, these pages are marked by nice observation of character, and readiness in seizing on its salient points, as well as by a vein of quiet satire, such as that which gives piquancy to *Emma* or *Pride and Prejudice*. We shall take occasion, further on, to point out where it falls immeasurably below the standard of excellence to which we have compared it. But it is no slight praise to say that in some respects it approaches that standard. We cannot refrain from adding a word of advice. The *Romance of a Dull Life* is marked by freshness and originality, but there are indications of its authoress having not yet arrived at her full powers. It is interesting, not only on its own account, but also as holding out the promise of something still better. If that promise is ever to be realized, it will be by a closer study of human nature from its objective side, and by checking the propensity to dive into psychological problems and the complex mechanism of motives and feelings. If human nature is to be painted in colors that will last, the basis of the portraiture must be something broader and more solid than the mere sensational experience of the artist. A novel should reflect life as it appears from the outside to any intelligent observer—not the idiosyncrasy of one mind, however gifted. If the authoress of the volume with which we are now dealing is wise, she will aim at

* *The Romance of a Dull Life*. By the Author of "Morning Clouds" and "The Afternoon of Life." London: Longmans. 1861.

lessening the distance which separates her from Miss Austen, rather than that which still lies between herself and Miss Brontë. If she must drink of both, let it be in larger proportions from the still well of Hampshire than the boiling passionate geyser of the West Riding.

Of course only one thing can impart romance to a dull life; namely, love. Constance Felton is a young lady who leads a very secluded life in the country where her father owns an estate, but owing to embarrassed circumstances, does not mix at all in society. Mr. Basil Hyde, a young man of fortune, is staying, when the story opens, in the neighborhood, and makes the acquaintance of the Feltons. An attachment springs up between him and Constance. The effect which each produces on the other is very happily described, and with great delicacy of touch. Constance, who is thoughtful and intelligent, but utterly unsophisticated, can only fall down and worship the hero of her dreams. The man of the world, on the other hand, is interested and fascinated, but makes his advances nevertheless with extreme caution. After sundry meetings at the house of a mutual friend, as well as in each other's homes, affairs appear ripening for an *eclaircissement*, when an unfortunate occurrence mars all. Constance had agreed to ride home from a picnic party with Basil, who was about to go abroad, and intended to declare himself before leaving. This afternoon is the crisis of her life. Her father, anxious for her health, insists on her returning from the party in a carriage; and Basil, not knowing the reason of her apparently fickle conduct, leaves the neighborhood the next day in dudgeon, without any explanation. Subsequently a report reaches him that she is engaged to another man; but, as a motive for Mr. Hyde's conduct, this is kept quite in the background. After awhile, he returns from Italy, where he has fallen in with a dashing young lady, Miss Anne Cartaret, who ultimately succeeds in catching him; not, however, before he has met Constance Felton once more, and had full opportunity for removing all misunderstanding with regard to their mutual feelings. But this he is too proud to attempt doing, conceiving himself to be the injured party, and being blind to the true state of her heart. So he drifts into a marriage with

a woman he despises, leaving the real object of his affections to die of a broken heart. This, however, is not to be her fate. She finds a consoler in the person of a Welsh uncle, who gives her excellent advice, and endeavors to promote her marriage with a pleasant young doctor who attends him. But Constance is too faithful to the memory of her first love to think of a second; so she returns to her home, and the dull life there from which all romance has now faded. The curtain falls on her peacefully engaged in all kinds of good works, discharging the duties of a daughter and sister with exemplary devotion.

The story which we have thus briefly analyzed is not very new nor particularly well constructed. Nothing can be more remote from ordinary probability than that a casual disappointment, as in the matter of the ride, should so rankle in any sensible mind as to entail such disastrous consequences. As the crisis of the story, it is wholly inadequate. Here is the happiness of two very superior persons, both endowed with great intelligence, ruined through a misconception of the most trivial kind. This is a fault of construction which seriously vitiates the interest of the story. Blunders of this sort Miss Austen never commits; and in nothing is her art more admirably shown than in the rational and intelligible way in which the events she describes unfold themselves. When she deduces consequences, they are such as would ordinarily ensue upon such and such acts or occurrences—not what might possibly follow in a total eclipse of common sense. Nor are the characters of Constance and the hero of her romance calculated to awaken legitimate sympathy. The hapless love of the first is told with great pathos, and its various stages of uncertainty, rapture, anxiety, despair, and resignation, are described with great force and power of expression. But she is little more than an object of pity. We have had enough of this morbidly sensitive, nervous, self-conscious type of heroine. We feel provoked at her headaches, and long for her to get rid of her feelings. What good is there in the study of Clarendon, and Channing, and Behmen, if the result is only moral imbecility in any important crisis? We protest, too, against the transcendental absurdity of degrading love to a mere question of taste. Struck by compunction for the gross

ill-treatment, her heroine has suffered at the hands of Basil Hyde, our authoress ends by asking, with great *naïveté*, what he had done to deserve her love? Very little indeed, that we can see. Her answer, however, is different. He had been all that her taste required. A broken heart is a heavy price to pay for the gratification of taste. This is indulging an æsthetic turn with a vengeance. Constance's taste happened to be for a certain sort of flashy small-talk, in which Mr. Basil Hyde was a great adept. But the tastes of women differ. Six feet four of scarlet and blue cloth is all that the taste of Betsey Jane requires. But she probably finds the predilection expensive in more ways than one; and her mistress will do well to warn her against indulging it. In love affairs, the more restraint women put upon their tastes the better. Let them, be guided, in placing their affections, by sterling good qualities on the part of those to whom they would entrust their happiness. One word as to Basil himself. He is not quite such a brute as Rochester in *Jane Eyre*. But he has thus much in common with that character, that he is essentially a man evolved out of the internal consciousness of a woman. Jane Eyre worshipped an impersonation of animal force; Constance Felton erects mere intellectual smartness into ideal perfection. It matters little to either that her pet fancy is found in connection with egotism and self-conceit, and with either incredible obtuseness or a wanton disregard of another person's feelings.

We turn with relief to the minor characters of the story. Many of these are well drawn, and almost all have a distinct individuality of their own. Mrs. Felton, the stepmother of Constance, is sensible, but commonplace. She has a mind of the Martha type, always revolving the petty problems of the household. Nothing can be happier than the following: "Mrs. Felton woke up the day after the Hydes left Ashenholt with a comfortable feeling that *now* they would be themselves again, and need not use the best breakfast service." Mrs. Robert Felton is a woman of another kind. She is an embodiment of fashionable religion. Her conversation is a curious compound of worldly interests and religious phraseology. Constance goes to stay with her aunt, who sets herself to improve the opportunity of having her niece under her roof:—

"One day when they were alone together, up-stairs, she exhorted her to avoid the snares of self-righteousness, or cease from her own works, to make sure of her election; and when, from modesty, or sheer weariness of ineffectual argument, Constance remained silent, she added, she knew her dear niece would be much edified if she would study a few sweet biographies which she was going to put in her hands. In vain did Constance point out that the works about which she thought it *right* to be anxious were not those outward performances on which pride or self-pleasing could build, but those works of the Spirit which are spoken of in Scripture as the only test of a living faith. Mrs. Robert Felton could not enter into such nice distinctions, and jumping up as the door-bell rung, went to the glass to smoothe her curls, saying, with glib emphasis, 'By faith, my love, by faith are ye saved,' and was out of the room in another second."

Johanna Podmore is a good picture of another school of religion—the sincere but morose. In all that she said or did, there was the unmistakable stamp of religious motive. Her mind was very narrow, but intent on the fulfilment of duty. The effect which contact with such a nature produces on one more frank and gentle is described with great delicacy. "Constance felt the softness and sweetness of her own nature come against the harder manner of the other with a contrast unpleasant to both—less so to herself, for she was more conversant in differences of character, than to Johanna, who in her unpliant bluntness, knew not what *instinctive* courtesy meant. When, therefore, Constance spoke to her, the effect produced was often as evident as on the application of soda to acid—something equal to a hiss—a rougher manner and a harsher tone, making Constance aware that unless she could veil her own constitutional delicacy and grace they would be mistaken for affectation, and despised accordingly." There is a pleasant picture of an old maid who haunts the village where Constance lives—"one of those cheerful monuments of complete resignation which may be met with in

almost any village or town, walking about briskly in clothes of defunct fashion, with a joyousness that many young hearts might envy." One of the prettiest touches in the book is the way in which, after her own troubles, the heart of Constance instinctively warms towards this old lady, whom she had previously thought somewhat of a bore. "It did not take long to disinter the buried treasure of her patient heart—its grave was green still; a prelude of sighs, and it all came out—declared affection on both sides, a father's stern prohibition, a lover's speedy attachment to another, his widowhood, and comparatively recent marriage to an intimate friend of her own, 'though he knew, my dear, that I remained single.'" Her story moved her hearer to tears; but Miss Tennent only took another piece of muffin.

These are some of the subordinate personages who figure in this tale. The *forts* of the authoress seems to us to lie in the delineation of the various phases of female character. She is less successful with her men—least of all when she writes with sympathy. The best of her male characters, we think, is James Podmore, a discarded lover of Constance. He is a heavy young man, with a talent for business. With neither wit nor penetration, he had a great desire for exactness, and just that sort of detective agility of mind which enabled him at once to overtake a cleverer person in the commission of a blunder or unconscious misstatement. Constance found herself often tripped up, as she ran on in some amusing recital, by his grave voice begging her pardon, but she must be aware that so-and-so was a slightly incorrect statement. Probably most of us have at some time or other suffered under this kind of conversational Shylock.

We have said enough to indicate that this is a novel decidedly above the common run. In spite of a somewhat diffused style, and occasional obscurity, it contains many eloquent and striking passages. It will be the fault of the authoress if it is not the precursor of greater achievements.

From The Athenæum.

THE CYRENE MARBLES.

THE following extract from a letter of an officer on board the Melpomene, which conveyed the marbles to Malta, will be read with interest :—

"We reached Marsa Sousa on the evening of the 26th September. Lieutenant Porcher arrived early the next morning, and made all necessary arrangements; so that afternoon, at 4 P.M., I landed with one corporal and nine men, as a guard for Cyrene, and eleven carpenters. Cyrene is twelve miles from where we landed. At the above hour the men and myself started, carrying our haversacks, water-bottles, and arms. The first part of the road was very fatiguing, for we had to climb the height of two thousand feet on a road not of the best, a great portion of which was very precipitous. At first I could hardly keep up with my men; however, we maintained a good pace, halting occasionally to have a pull at our water-bottles, for it was awfully dry work, till about 6.30 P.M., when it became dark. At this time the men began to lag; and, for the last four miles, I had great difficulty in keeping them from halting altogether. However, by persevering, I succeeded in reaching Cyrene about eight. The carpenters and one or two of my men got so foot-sore they could hardly walk; some began reeling about, like drunken men, and these were the men with whom, on first starting, I could with difficulty keep up. The great reason of their feet becoming so sore was, because they never wear shoes on board ship, and each man had served out to him, only that morning, a pair of ammunition boots, and these of course are indifferent fits. We surprised Lieutenant Smith, who had just finished dinner, not thinking for one moment we should be marching in such a rough country at so late an hour, for we could not get the Arabs to hurry the loading of their camels at Marsa Sousa. Captain Ewart thought it better I should push on at once, leaving the baggage to follow; so the men that night, having only what they stood up in, had to make themselves as comfortable as they could in a tomb, which Lieutenant Smith used as a kitchen, and, having a number of grass mats, they spread them on the ground. Being so very tired, the men were almost instantly stretching themselves at full length upon them; but, as for sleep, not one of them got a wink the whole night, on account of the fleas, of which there are millions. Smith gave me a comfortable shake-down in his tomb, on a cork mattress on the top of some

boxes; so that, by being off the ground, I managed, in some measure, to cheat the fleas, for I slept about half the night. Next day the camels arrived with our tents and baggage, and with wood with which to make the cases to receive the marbles. One camel was missing, and never afterwards turned up. I have not the least doubt, appearing the most valuable, it was coveted and stolen by the Arabs, for they are most inveterate thieves; it does not matter from whom they rob, whether friend or foe, all is fish that comes into their net. As ill-luck would have it, it happened to bear my portmanteau, bed and bedding, and four great coats and blankets belonging to the men of my guard.

"I was at Cyrene for sixteen days, during which time my duties were not very arduous, so I had plenty of leisure time to wander in all directions in and about Cyrene, everywhere meeting with the most interesting ruins of temples and other public buildings, and immense columns of marble and red granite, the ground being much broken with mounds which, no doubt, cover some magnificent remains, and may be some day excavated. Lieutenants Smith and Porcher, in the few places they dug, have succeeded in making a splendid collection of marble statues, statuettes, heads and several inscriptions. Some of the statues are more than eight feet high, and are pretty perfect, very beautifully sculptured, especially the drapery. Some of the statuettes, particularly those of women, are superb; the heads also are very beautiful, and strange to say, the hair is dressed much in the same fashion as at the present day. '*A l'Impératrice*' seems to have been the general mode in those days. The tombs are still very perfect, and extend on the hill-side for a distance of four or five miles, the hill-side being intersected by ravines, on each side of which they are to be seen; most of them are hewn out of the living rock, some are of great extent. Smith and Porcher counted in one no less than one hundred and eight niches for sarcophagi—the majority, however, hold only from seven to ten, with a few small niches, evidently for children; the faces of the tombs are still very perfect, and carved in the Doric style. Traces are still to be seen of the painted decorations, which were principally of gladiators, birds, and flowers; they apparently only used the primary colors. Several of the sarcophagi are still well preserved, some being of the best marble, measuring about seven and a half feet in length by two and a half in width—others are built tombs; all have been opened and rifled ages ago; the spoiler's hands have not left even a solitary one untouched. The site of the city is magnificent, and the country very rich and fertile.

Were the water not allowed to run to waste, there would be an ample supply; the view is grand, and the horizon must be at least a distance of from forty to fifty miles.

"The working party from the ship consisted of about ninety seamen and marines, who were told off to three artillery wagons used for the purpose of transporting heavy guns,—they managed to get up from Marsa Sousa to Cyrene in two days, resting always a day at Cyrene, carrying with them by camels their tents, baggage, and water; there being no water between the two places, that at Marsa Sousa was left under the charge of a small guard at the beach, where two tanks are sunk in the sand and well supplied from the ship. The men worked very well, and made three trips in sixteen days, taking on each wagon two or three heavy statues, some weighing more than a ton. It was no joke taking them down the hill-side to the beach; and great care had to be used, the whole of the men being required to lower one wagon at a time. The statuettes were all sent down by camels. It was well we managed everything so quickly, for the Arabs were becoming very troublesome and threatening, one tribe on the road being anything but friendly; they did their best to extort as much as possible, but only succeeded in getting two bullocks' hides as a peace-offering. The chief of this tribe was a Sheikh Sayed, who tried to pick a quarrel with us, collecting about four hundred men at the Fountain of Apollo. He made washing clothes and the bathing of our men at the fountain the cause of dispute. These practices we gave up, on learning the commotion they produced, for although we were strong and well armed, it was good to keep friends almost at any price, for their fanaticism is very great, and very little would have brought the whole country

down upon us. I do not know what length they might not have gone to, had it not been for one or two friendly tribes. Affairs looked so serious a day or two before leaving, that it was thought necessary to apply at the nearest military station to the governor, and acquaint him with the state of matters, that he might hold himself in readiness to co-operate with us in case of need. There is no government in the country, the natives are perfectly free and lawless, and the Turks with difficulty squeeze a heavy tax out of them. Their meetings are very stormy, attended with firing guns in the air, and other noises; they look down with contempt upon any one who is not armed.

"The most luxurious bath I ever indulged in was in the Fountain of Apollo—a natural basin, six feet by two, and one foot deep, formed just at the exit of the water from the rock, at the foot of the hill, close to the ruins of the temple, the water always running at the rate of about five miles an hour, and always at the same temperature of 63°, nice and cool in summer, and comfortable in winter. The climate is splendid, the temperature all last summer never exceeding 80°. After the hot summer I had experienced, I was very loathe to leave the place. The day before leaving, two or three men belonging to No. 2 wagon party, in walking about the ruins, came upon a beautiful statuette, about four feet five inches long, the arms alone being wanting. It was an Egyptian figure, and, for want of a better name, we christened it Melpomene: the men were very proud of their trophy. There is still much to be done in the way of excavation at some future time. Smith's collection, though, is very large and valuable. We brought away in all sixty-three cases, and twenty-seven had already been sent home."

[Copy of a letter from Gen. Washington to Mrs. Bache—daughter of Franklin.]

HEADQUARTERS IN BERGEN, N.J.,
July 14, 1780.

MADAM,—I have received with much pleasure—but not till last night—your favor of the 4th, specifying the amount of the subscriptions already collected for the use of the American soldiery.

This fresh mark of the patriotism of the ladies entitles them to the highest applause of their country. It is impossible for the army not to feel a superior gratitude on such an instance of goodness. If I am happy in having the concurrence of the ladies, I would propose the purchasing of coarse linen, to be made into shirts, with the whole amount of their subscription. A shirt extraordinary to the soldier will be of more service to him than any other thing that could be procured him; while it is not intended

to, nor shall, exclude him from the usual supply which he draws from the public.

This appears to me to be the best mode for its application, provided it is approved by the ladies. I am happy to find you have been good enough to give us a claim on your endeavors to complete the execution of the design. An example so laudable will certainly be nurtured, and must be productive of a favorable issue in the bosoms of the fair in the sister States.

Let me congratulate our benefactors on the arrival of the French fleet off the harbor of Newport on the afternoon of the 10th. It is this moment announced, but without any particulars, as an interchange of signals had only taken place.

I pray the ladies of your family to receive, with my compliments, my liveliest thanks for the interest they take in my favor.

With the most perfect respect and esteem, I have the honor to be, madam, your obedient and humble servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.